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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

APRIL, 1919

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A Drama of the Great Initiation

SHELLEY'S *Prometheus Unbound* was completed, so far as the essential part of it is concerned, on April 6, 1819—that is, an even century ago—Shelley being then in Rome, and writing much of the great drama amid the ruins of the baths of Caracalla. *Prometheus Unbound* is not only Shelley's greatest work—a judgment in which the best critics of pure literature concur; it is not only greater than any other work belonging to one of the greatest and richest periods of English poetry—and this means the best poetry of the modern world; it is, in a certain deep and true sense, the greatest poem, the greatest drama in the English tongue; greater than anything since Dante, and to be compared, in all literature since Homer's day and in the Western world, with two poems only: the *Divina Commedia* of Dante and the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus.

These three poems stand at the head of the three great poetical literatures of Europe—Greece, Italy and England—because each one of them adequately embodies the greatest theme: the tremendous theme of the Great Initiation. Spiritual life, in the widest sense, is the real theme of poetry; though there abound poems—the psychic counterfeit of real poetry—which know nothing of spiritual life, unless it be that side, vital and real, but too often unconscious, which is expressed in beauty and the music and magic of words; for the true music of verse is always an expression—even though unconscious—of the inner music; an echo, even though distant, of the music of the spheres, "Still quiring to the young-eyed Cherubim."

If Shakespeare, from whom this verse is taken, cannot be counted the equal of Dante, of Æschylus, of the author of *Prometheus Unbound*, it is because, in his dramas, there is so little revelation of spiritual life; so slight a realization of it in his many-sided insight into man that the

immortal is almost unknown to him. He has written comedies full of mirth and charm; in how many of them do his persons find the soul through joy? He has written tragedies full of terrible beauty; in how many of them do the victims of tragedy find the soul through pain? It is true that a Master has cited *Hamlet* as expressing one side of the disciple's life; but it is the side, not of redemption, but of failure; a despondent weakness, like that of Arjuna; but a weakness over which there was no victory, like Arjuna's victory.

And it is because *Prometheus Unbound* reveals not only the life of the disciple, but the trial and triumph of the Master, and this with the utmost truth and beauty, that it seems right to hold this poem not only the greatest in a great poetic epoch but the greatest in all modern poetry since the *Paradiso* of Dante. And in the whole cycle of Western poetry we shall find nothing to rank with these two, until we come back to Æschylus.

The *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus has come to us complete, perfect in all its austere beauty. Of his *Prometheus Unbound,* we have only fragments. This moved Shelley, who was saturated with the spirit of Æschylus, to take in hand to write, not a conjectural completion of the lost work of the great dramatist of Athens, but rather a complement, a fulfilment, of Æschylus' *Prometheus Bound;* the completed revelation of the spiritual cycle of which *Prometheus Bound* is a part.

The drama of Æschylus, in the very spirit of Æschylus, and with all his majesty and music, is summed up by Shelley in the speech with which Prometheus opens the new drama:

PROMETHEUS

Monarch of Gods and Dæmons, and all Spirits
But One, who throng those bright and rolling worlds
Which Thou and I alone of living things
Behold with sleepless eyes! regard this Earth
Made multitudinous with thy slaves, whom thou
Requitest for knee-worship, prayer, and praise,
And toil, and hecatombs of broken hearts,
With fear and self-contempt and barren hope.
Whilst me, who am thy foe, eyeless in hate,
Hast thou made reign and triumph, to thy scorn,
O'er mine own misery and thy vain revenge.
Three thousand years of sleep-unsheltered hours,
And moments aye divided by keen pangs
Till they seemed years, torture and solitude,
Scorn and despair—these are mine empire!
More glorious far than that which thou surveyest
From thine unenvied throne, O, Mighty God!

Almighty, had I deigned to share the shame
Of thine ill tyranny, and hung not here
Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling mountain,
Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured; without herb,
Insect, or beast, or shape or sound of life.
Ah me! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever!

Before we go further, let us try to fix the Persons of this great Drama of Initiation, with their significance. Who is Prometheus, thus nailed, a sacrificial victim, to the rock, doomed to suffer "pain, pain ever, for ever"? Who is the Zeus of Æschylus, the Jupiter of Shelley, "Monarch of Gods and Dæmons, and all Spirits but One," by whose decree the sacrificial victim was thus offered?

We may best seek the answer from Æschylus, whose symbolism—taken, we may believe, from the Mysteries which Hellas received from Mother Egypt—Shelley has used with such magnificent truth. Zeus is "the Son of Chronos," who is the Son of Ouranos; that is, the Son of Heaven. But Chronos, identified with Saturn, is Time, and Time, for the mystic, for the Master, is, and must always be "the Great Delusion." These three Gods: Ouranos, Time, Zeus, reigned successively over the world of gods and men; Chronos dethroning Ouranos, and in turn dethroned by usurping Zeus. These three divinities thus symbolize at once three great successive epochs in the cycle of Life which is depicted by *The Secret Doctrine,* and the successive powers or emanations which dominate these epochs. To put the matter in the terms of the Seven Races: Ouranos represents the early spiritual races; Chronos, God of the "Golden Age," symbolizes the later, semi-ethereal races, not yet fallen; while Zeus stands for the period beginning with the Fall, as *The Secret Doctrine* depicts it: the period of the Atlanteans, which saw the formation of the hierarchy of Adepts, and, at the same time, of the hierarchy of Darkness, the "Brothers of the Shadow."

Looked at from the side of the Principles, both cosmic and individual —both macrocosmic and microcosmic—Ouranos represents the higher sphere, the principle of Atma-Buddhi and its universal source, but still passive, not yet active and conscious; Chronos, ("Time," the Great Delusion), represents Manas, "Slayer of the Real"; for through the activity of Manas, the illusion of Time comes into being. Zeus, then, represents the principle of Kama, and the cosmic force of which Kama is the expression, that power which Christ personified as "the Prince (Archon) of this world," and to which he also gave the name of Satan, "the Opposer," and of Mammon; opposing and set against the spiritual power which Christ embodied and revealed. The Adversary, Son of Time the Great Delusion, is, then, the Power which nailed Prometheus to the rock.

Who, then, is Prometheus? Æschylus, in *Prometheus Bound,* makes this quite clear. Prometheus brought "fire" to mankind. But he had first brought fire to the gods, including Zeus himself. He is not merely an adventurous Titan who purloined a possession of the gods, and bestowed it upon mankind. He is far more and greater than that. For it was Prometheus who gave to the gods their own power, which Zeus and those who stood with him then perverted. Nor is it merely physical "fire," appearing in the hand of Zeus as the lightning, and among mankind as the "fire on the hearth," that Prometheus bestowed on gods and men. According to the allegory present everywhere in the great Upanishads of India (which appear to embody the still older mystic wisdom of Egypt), "fire" represents the triple power, spiritual, psychic and physical; the light of the Sun, first of the "three fires," stands for spiritual fire; lightning, the light of the mid-world, stands for psychical fire; while "the fire on the hearth" stands for physical fire, both the vital fire of the human body, also called Prana, and actual physical fire. The "fire on the altar," most beautifully symbolized in the religion of Zoroaster of the Parsees, is the creative fire in the human body, once perverted, but afterwards purified by sacrifice, by consecration.

But the natural "fire," in the Sun, in lightning, in the body and on the hearth, is not merely the symbol of its spiritual counterpart; it is actually the same force, externally manifested. For there is no chasm between Spirit and Matter, but rather a fundamental identity between them. Both are manifestations of the One. The chasm between them is part of the Great Illusion. Nor is there any fundamental chasm between the spiritual fire and its lower counterpart, the passional fire of perverted creative power. The latter is the perversion of the former, not an antithetical, opposing force; not an eternal and independent Ahriman, set against Ormuzd, as in the Manichean misunderstanding of Zoroastrianism. As the passional fire is the perversion of the spiritual fire, so the redemption comes, not through the annihilation of the perverted power but through its re-transformation and transmutation. Until this transformation is accomplished, the soul is chained to the rock of its desires, the divine fire entering into its perversion yet scorning it. This is at once the Great Sacrifice and the cause of that long-enduring pain, "pain forever,"—pain, that is, until the end of Time, the Great Delusion,—of which Prometheus speaks.

Prometheus, then, bestows this fire, as divine power, upon Zeus and his brothers, the "Sons of Time"; who on one side symbolize the Atlantean epoch, and on the other the middle principles of man. And when Zeus and his brothers have perverted this divine power, Prometheus then bestows it on mankind, giving them spiritual life and intellectual light. From one point of view, mankind here stands for the Fifth Race, humanity on the upward cycle of spiritual progression: mankind in process of redemption.

But to what Power does mankind in fact owe this infusion of spiritual fire? What Power is in fact working out the redemption of humanity? Surely the answer is: the Great Lodge, which is the power of the Logos—the Life and Light of the Logos—in Incarnation. Prometheus would seem, then, to stand for the White Lodge, the united Life of the hierarchy of Masters. And this should suggest, what appears to be the reality: that it is not one Master only who is crucified, but the whole Lodge of Masters, whom that one Master represents, both symbolically and in fact; that it is the White Lodge that is nailed with outstretched hands to the Rock, or to the Cross; that the fact of this Crucifixion constitutes the very being and nature of the Master—of every Master in the Lodge, and of the Lodge as a whole; the very process of Crucifixion is that which constitutes the Master, and is, in fact, the Great Initiation.

It would seem to be a fundamental error, and a highly dangerous one, to think of the Great Initiation as a gain of knowledge only, as nothing more than the revelation of mysteries of new insight, the communication of mysteries and far-reaching powers. An initiation on the side of Darkness may be this, an initiation on the Left Hand Path. But the true Initiation, the Initiation of the Right Hand Path, of the White Lodge of Masters, while it is a revelation both of wisdom and of power, is fundamentally a Sacrifice, a Crucifixion. And it is the grasping of power and knowledge without Sacrifice, which is the essence of the Left Hand Path; as, for instance, the prostitution of science to the powers of evil, the use of intellect for the purposes of evil, which was exemplified on one side in the Great War.

Not only is the true Initiation, the Initiation of a Master of the White Lodge, a Sacrifice, a Crucifixion; it is an unending Crucifixion, the acceptance of "pain, pain forever"; pain that must be borne until the end of Time, the great Delusion. Therefore it has been truly said that the wounds of the Master, the wounds of the Crucifixion, can never be healed until the wounds of humanity, our wounds, have first been healed. And this is true of all Masters. For the Master, having, through the long trials and purifications leading up to the Great Initiation which makes him a Master, through the sevenfold cycle of discipleship, completely purified his own nature, consummated all Sacrifice in himself, and restored to its pristine purity the spiritual fire within himself, then makes the supreme Sacrifice: laying aside the reward which he has fully earned, and which is justly his, he assumes a burden which is not justly his: the burden, namely, of the sins of others, "the heavy Karma of humanity."

This, then, the heavy burden of the world's evil Karma, would seem to be the Cross to which the Master freely allows himself to be nailed, the Rock to which Prometheus is chained. And the Sacrifice consists in this: that the Master freely assumes this burden, which is not in justice his, knowing full well that he must bear it, in all its crushing weight,

until Humanity has been redeemed. He must bear his Cross, he must remain chained to the Rock, until the consummation of the ages, until "the time of the end," until "the great day Be-with-Us," when Humanity, purified by suffering, is re-united to the Masters' Lodge, there to remain forever.

Two more Powers in this great Mystery Drama may be interpreted along the same lines: the Earth (or, the Spirit of the Earth) and the most mysterious Being called Demogorgon. In Act I of the drama, in answer to a question of Prometheus, the Earth speaks thus:

"I am the Earth,
Thy mother, she within whose stony veins,
To the last fibre of the loftiest tree
Whose thin leaves trembled in the frozen air,
Joy ran, as blood within a living frame,
When thou didst from her bosom, like a cloud
Of glory, arise, a spirit of keen joy!"

This is, one may say, a deeply occult description of the living Earth, which has its inner principles, its ensouling spheres, as has the microcosm of man. It is this, but it would seem also to be more: namely, Maya, as "the active power of God," the power of manifestation, of differentiation, without which the manifested Universe could never be brought forth from the Eternal; the power without which even the Masters, as individuals, could not come into being. Just as Maya is the name given to the sinless mother of the Buddha, as Avatar, while the immaculate mother of the Western Avatar bears a name of similar import; so the Earth here, in the same mystical sense, is rightly called the mother of Prometheus. She is, in one sense, the feminine aspect of the Logos; the power called, in the Mystery Teaching of India, the feminine Viraj.

This is perfectly conformable with a later passage in the same wonderful speech of the Earth, in which that mysterious being says of the defiance uttered by Prometheus against the tyranny of Zeus:

"Aye, I heard
Thy curse, the which, if thou rememberest not,
Yet my innumerable seas and streams,
Mountains and caves and winds, and yon wide air,
And the inarticulate people of the dead
Preserve, a treasured spell. We meditate
In secret joy and hope those dreadful words,
But dare not speak them. . . . .
They shall be told. Ere Babylon was dust
The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child,
Met his own image walking in the garden.

That apparition, sole of men, he saw.
For know there are two worlds of life and death:
One that which thou beholdest; but the other
Is underneath the grave, where do inhabit
The shadows of all forms that think and live,
Till death unite them and they part no more:
Dreams and the light imaginings of men,
And all that faith creates or love desires,
Terrible, strange, sublime and beauteous shapes.
There thou art, and dost hang, a writhing shade,
'Mid whirlwind peopled mountains. All the gods
Are there, and all the powers of nameless worlds,
Vast, sceptred phantoms; heroes, men, and beasts;
And Demogorgon, a tremendous gloom;
And he, the supreme Tyrant, on his throne
Of burning gold. . . . . "

Who, then, is Demogorgon? The most suggestive answer, perhaps, may be given by a simple quotation from Murray's Dictionary: the name, literally translated, means: "terrible to the multitude." The name is not found in the older classical writers, but appears first in the fifth century of our era, in the note of a scholiast, as "the great nether deity, invoked in magic rites"; in more modern times, Demogorgon appears in Boccaccio's *Genealogy of the Gods,* and from this source the name was probably derived by Ariosto, Milton, Shelley and others. From its connexion with magic (this author suggests), Demogorgon may be a disguised form of some Oriental name. One more suggestion: In Keightley's *Fairy Mythology* (1850) it is recorded that, according to Ariosto, "Demogorgon has a splendid temple palace in the Himalaya mountains, whither every fifth year the Fates are all summoned to appear before him to give an account of their actions"; surely a most suggestive phrase.

This Power, enthroned in a splendid temple in the Himalayas; this Power of the occult world, invoked in magic rites; this Power, which is in truth "terrible to the multitude"; which brings about the punishment of the Tyrant and the liberation of Prometheus, would seem to be none other than the great Lodge itself, which, tradition tells us, has indeed a dwelling place in the Himalaya mountains.

CLEMENT ACTON GRISCOM

WITH the death of the old year, the Theosophical Movement received the Master's accolade. Now the down stroke of that mighty sword is swift and powerful, often cutting deep, so that secret things of the heart are revealed. And then the soul, faint with pain, and reeling from the blow, hears the ringing cry: Close ranks. Carry on.

My God, *now* to carry on! Yes, above all times, now! What finer tribute to lay upon a hero's grave than the courage of a broken heart; what sheaves of flowers, or towering beauty of marble, can compare with it. What nobler offering to place at the Master's feet. Close ranks. Carry on.

* * * * * * * *

Beloved, ye do not sorrow as those which have no hope. And we, pray God, make answer,—Nay, Lord, for our hope is in thee.

So, piercing even the bitter, bitter pain of our personal desolation, shall come the echoes of that marvellous voice repeating: Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. CAVÉ.

He stands there a man. The years pass with all they hold, and he stands there above the years, head and shoulders and big, glowing heart held high.

Here is a kingly man and a warrior with the heart of a child. Clean he is and strong; quick to forgive; impetuous, impatient of delay he seeks his goal.

What network of words shall contain him? Will a net hold fire? For he was a man of fire, and in his glance flashed clear a spark from the eternal radiance.

An aristocrat, a tall man of quiet poise and steadfast look; generous, genial of soul, with that humility born of great courage and single devotion to a cause.

So many people loved him! And did they think it only their random glimpse of his great, kindly heart which made them love him? Perhaps. But how often he was thinking of them with solicitude and affection, few only could have known. There was room in his nature for so many people, for their burdens, their failures, their struggles onward, and for their joys,—yes, and for their love.

Few knew him intimately, none knew him familiarly, but so many people knew him well. To know him at all was to know him well, for he was clearly and truly himself at every contact point with life. A many sided man he was,—a man of culture, a man of affairs, one who had travelled well, a lover of children, devoted to family, friends and church; a wise counsellor, a rare companion, a gifted listener, and through all that he did and said spoke the loyal servant of his Lord.

Downtown in his office, on the train, chatting with a poor parishioner, at a Board meeting, in the Cathedral, scolding an office boy, tending his poppies, cooking dinner at the farm, writing an article, on the witness stand, chopping down a tree, editing the QUARTERLY, on his knees at church, lunching with a celebrity, cheering up a clerk, writing letters at home, taking friends for a picnic,—these and the thousand events of life were but the channels through which he rushed to the sea.

What did he talk about after luncheon downtown, while he smoked? The war, some saint he was reading, English politics, a new machine gun, the temples at Philæ, a theory of economics, lovely France, chastity as a power, a book on spiders, the difference between a decision and a resolution, how beautifully Jeanne d'Arc used words, what people mean when they say "democracy," sunset on Lake Geneva, Sir Oliver Lodge on matter, the purposes of pain, what happens when we try to be good, nonsense for us to think the Crusaders uncivilized, up the Nile and in the desert, Napoleon's plans of campaign almost the only thing we know truly about him, why we shrink from Jesus' hours on the Cross, how very little better we are than the worst men we know.

I miss him so! He gave of himself with such royal generosity that we were borne forward on the tide of his aspiration. To him life was dynamic. He never stopped to contemplate the difficulties of an obstacle, but took it with a rush and conquered it with that splendid, unremitting drive which was so truly a part of his nature. A shy man of great gifts, who conquered himself.

I miss him so! There was never a moment when the need of any one did not command his whole sympathy. He who could have been a great figure in the world of affairs, chose the path of service in his Master's cause. All that he was and all that he had was poured out for those he loved, for those who came within the great circle of his care and affection.

I miss him so! I owe him so much. I can hardly wait to see him again. I love him so. K. D. P.

I think of Mr. Griscom first as a warrior, the warrior disciple of his warrior Master. He used his physical life as a soldier uses his sword in battle, unsparingly, until it broke with the power of his blows. In my room at home I have a picture of a knight in armour of red and gold,

defending a passage alone, erect and dauntless, against a host of black-clad enemies that throng about him. I bought it because to me that upright, fearless warrior is a better picture of Mr. Griscom than any portrait could be.

It has been my great privilege to see him in more than one fight against apparently overwhelming odds. Never once did I see his faith waver. At the darkest moments, when defeat seemed inevitable, when apparently there was no hope and nothing that could be done, he would calmly wait. One felt he was keeping his eyes fixed steadfastly on the face of his great Commander, in the sure trust of a child or a great soldier, that a way would be opened for him. The instant the smallest opening appeared, as it never failed to do, he acted with swift courage and energy, wringing victory from what had seemed certain defeat.

His writing is full of wise guidance and inspiration, yet it was not by anything that he said or wrote, but by what he was, by the spirit that shone through all that he did, that he drew so many to seek the Path, that they might gain something of that spirit which they saw and loved in him. In every activity of his life he showed forth the beauty of discipleship. It made him a companion of infinite charm and humour, of cultured tastes, of wide experience and reading, a business man of high honour and marked ability, a most chivalrous gentleman, a tender, loving friend, a wise, patient, sympathetic teacher, an inspiring leader. His very presence brought a sense of peace and benediction.

He gave his life to the last drop in the age-long battle for the coming of his Master's Kingdom on earth, and all who knew and loved him know that he will never cease to fight until the final victory is won. When I think of him, I pray that I may so live my life as to earn the high privilege of fighting once more, in however humble a capacity, by his side, under his leadership, in that greatest of all causes.

J. F. B. M.

One whose life is unified by a single big purpose, expressed in every relation, will be understood and revered by the simple of heart. Mr. Griscom was. To me, the meaning of his wonderful directness and sincerity came as a gradual revelation. When I first heard him present, at a T. S. meeting, his views on some question of conduct, I dissented, saying to myself, Here is a well-to-do man, whose business runs itself, who naturally makes friendly connection with every one he meets!—but how little he really knows about human nature, about life, complicated as it is. By and by I learned that he spoke as a deep student of human nature, with the full knowledge of its traits that bespeaks conquest. From time to time there was chance reference to numerous forms of work for others, in all of which he seemed to be engaged, and finally the opportunity to assist in one was offered me. I was really sorry to decline; the explana-

tion about my busy life seemed to amuse him. Evidently, I said, he is himself a man of large leisure, of many gifts; how could he recognize my position? Years later I discovered that he knew more than I did about the grind of long business hours; yet he also carried all those varied interests, and was always ready to take on another. His directness of thought, his bluntness of speech, gave me an uncomfortable challenge. Talking on the topics of the day, his whole attitude and manner was that of a cultivated man of the world, who had read much, travelled widely, and touched life at many angles—then all of a sudden, some question or comment brought out the big blunt man, who went through a flimsy pretence about real things as he might walk through moonbeams; his objective was always clear; he had no patience with haziness there.

Such, as I then thought, was the student who offered to help me with my many problems in trying to lead the theosophic life. There were elements of dismay in my rejoicing; he was so big. No one, however, could withstand the torrent of generosity with which he gave of the treasure he had garnered. With it, he contrived to give the very atmosphere of those high places from which it had come, a bit of heaven's sunshine, a message direct from "home." At first, his size mystified me; I had to get to know him block by block, and then, when I came to put together those giant blocks, my replica of the man towered so high that only his quiet humility, his all-comprehending flash of humour, made approach to him easy. His swift response to any real demand then bridged and closed the gap. He never "played safe"; no matter how stupid or stubborn one might be, one knew that he was ready to put his fortune, in knowledge, experience, information, at one's disposal. How often, after giving all that seemed wise, he would apparently decide to take a chance—and quickly double the gift!

He was a guide who never "preached." He had no confidence in wordy explanations; no desire to satisfy the mind's contention. His respect for honest effort was as outspoken as his scorn of sham brotherliness. He shared with you his love of truth, his hatred of the crooked and malicious. He breathed so much of life into his ideal for you, that common decency required you to get to be on speaking terms with it. His shyness had the rare quality of respect for the reserves of others; his simplicity was of that unusual type that sees straight and clear, not because it overlooks conflicting details (no smallest detail in the deportment and conduct of his charges escaped his notice), but because it clearly traces the purpose behind them. It was with the wisdom born of such simplicity that he helped many to lay, broad and firm, the foundations for a theosophic life: our superstructure is yet to be raised there,—and he is gone. How are we to achieve what we know he expected of us? Why not, with his guidance, just as before—he "upstairs," and we below?

The quality which he supremely manifested seems to me to have been *love;* a love that was essentially one with his love for his Master. It was as though a beam of that ardent love were constantly bent back on itself,

to enlighten, to encourage, to bless, those who in any degree looked to that Master for light. His tenderness was that of the soldier, who has given all for his Cause. He had the courage, the tempered recklessness of the warrior type, gentle but utterly uncompromising; with the light-heartedness that comes only through heavy burdens, bravely carried. But his burden-bearing was not that of the half-way ascetic; he was not riveted to it—how completely he could lay care aside when the rare opportunity came for occupation that was wholly congenial.

Big, human, loving, wise, the pattern of the elder brother.

I. E. P.

The sunshine of October afternoons! That, I think, suggests the quality in Mr. Griscom that most impresses me,—his mellow humanity. In the brightness of spring one has always to anticipate the glare of dreadful heat. In October, the fierceness of the sun has been mellowed into gold; the fruit of the cycle has been gathered, and there is a royal "Nunc Dimittis" as nature serenely awaits the season of inner rumination. Surely we are deeply indebted to the friend whose abundant and ripe experience so often shone through the grey chill of our resentments and irritations, expanding our indrawn and pent-up hearts, enkindling us with his sunset glow, until our long sullen journey on earth seemed to touch its end at heaven's gate.

I felt this, I think, in the very beginning of our acquaintance, several years ago. I had just joined the Society as a member "at large." I was isolated and lonely. At lunch I was surprised by a telephone call from Mr. Griscom. He had business in my city and asked if I could not join him for the afternoon. I did so, and when I returned to my home, my damp dungeon of a world was warm and human. We spent three hours or more together, and he accompanied me to my door in the late afternoon. There was nothing pastoral or magisterial or inquisitorial, or even elder brotherly in his attitude. He did not talk much of the Society and its work. He was just human. And the surprising thing to me was that there seemed no other motive and object in our visit together than his wish for my companionship. I did not understand it.

So often since then he has deepened that impression! He said to me, many times, casually, something to the effect of there being no bond like that between fellow-travellers. Perhaps the words used a few sentences back about "heaven's gate" are clearer now.

Some words of his own confirm this impression of mine. A month or two before his death, I was trying to draw out his opinion of various persons in the past. He responded in his customary generous way, and gave much more than I had asked. "St. François de Sales is my ideal of a saint," Mr. Griscom said, as we talked; "he was so human."

Is it not just this quality of humanity that the Master chose to add on to His Divine attributes when He undertook further efforts for the world? Is it not the quality in Himself that He revealed to His servant, the blessed Margaret Mary, as the one likely to draw men and women to imitate His example? Was it not the Master's humanity that warmed and cheered us in Mr. Griscom? Did Mr. Griscom not wear it as the "colours" of the King to whose service he had consecrated his life?

C. C. C.

The cablegram which gave me the news of the death of Mr. Griscom reached me at the Headquarters First Army at Bar-sur-Aube, France, on the night of January 1st.

In the train, while returning from a leave on the afternoon of December 30th, at approximately the time when the hour of his death must have been approaching, I had had, for no particular reason for which I could account at the time, a most vivid feeling of being lifted up into an atmosphere of peace and joy and strength, of being extraordinarily happy. I could not account for it at all. I had made no conscious effort, had felt no particular need nor any special reaching out towards things unseen for companionship,—indeed, rather the reverse, for I was tired and sleepy. It just came, and seemed to envelop me for an hour or so. I thought of it afterwards, in the intervening two days before the cablegram came, several times, with a feeling of gratitude and wonder; it was such a very special experience. But after the cablegram arrived, I made connection between that afternoon and the news it contained, and wondered, as I have since, whether what I had felt might not have been some reflection of the joy in the presence of the Angels at the speedy coming of a companion, or some faint touch of the spirit of the man himself which had already loosed the hold of the body, and was almost free, and was infinitely happy.

It seems futile to say that I felt that I had lost one of my best friends in the world, when I do not really feel that I have lost him at all. But time only seems to accentuate the ways in which I miss him. I knew him as a great teacher in his words and in his works; a great example; as being wise in the wisdom of things real; as an inspiring director of activities both inner and outer; as a tower of strength in the little meetings where a few gathered together to talk of those things which were closest to their hearts: and there are many others who are saying these same things. But I find myself just now thinking of him in more personal ways.

For I knew him, too, as the courteous, kindly gentleman in whose house I had stayed, and whose quiet consideration and thoughtfulness for a guest was so unusual, and who admitted that guest unreservedly into all the beauty of the family atmosphere. And as a delightful com-

panion, whether in the open air, with his observations of the country and of flowers and gardens, and his experiences out of doors; or in the city, in his moments of recreation, when he would talk for a while of things and events—political, financial, business, military—with such shrewd judgment and keen insight, and always with the delightful humour that kept coming through. I felt that I was always smiling inside when I was with him; one was constantly catching the kind, humorous gleam in his eye at all sorts of unexpected times. And time and time again, when I had been talking with him about things that were going on in the world, I myself thoroughly immersed in the practical consideration of them, he would with a few words connect the whole series of outer events about which we had been talking, with the forces which were directing them behind the scenes, with the possible purposes on other planes which were being striven for; and in an instant the veils were away, things not understood shaped themselves, and we were again in touch with the real world in which he truly lived.

It is this companionship with the man who, among many other things, was a most dearly loved friend in all the most real meaning of the word, who although older seemed in one way always an equal in age, that is one of the most dear recollections. And yet I do not really feel in the least that it has ceased. C. R. A.

With startling and staggering swiftness, our guide, counsellor and friend, C. A. G., has been removed from this life of ours in the body. This "gift from the Masters of Wisdom" has created a need for, and consequently a striving towards, a fuller realization of the immortal and eternal elements of our intercourse with him. This realization arouses more intense aspirations towards the ideals for which he strove, the principles and motives underlying all his actions.

"That which lives when all else has passed away is the desire with which the man was working, not the results he accomplished. The good he loved and served endures forever; the good he strove to do more often dies" (*Fragments,* Vol. I). If we would honor C. A. G. by raising an eternal memorial to him, in loving tribute to the Masters for their gifts to us through him, let us seek the "desire with which he was working," the "good he loved and served," and make that desire our own in fuller measure, and endeavor more earnestly and faithfully to put into practice the principles and ideals which actuated him.

In simple, direct, illuminating and forceful terms, and with compelling love for the Master, his "Elementary Articles" in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY set forth directions for finding the Path of Discipleship and the dangers and pitfalls that beset the follower of that Path. His was the gift in exceptional degree of translating from the abstract to the

concrete, from the theoretical to the practical, the precepts and principles upon which the progress of the would-be disciple must rest.

Those who were privileged to come into contact with a life so devoted to the Cause he loved so deeply, and served so faithfully and well, learned to rely upon his rugged strength, his loving sympathy, and his wise counsels. What a debt we owe him! How much we have to be thankful for! A staunch and dauntless leader, what a tower of strength he was! Following his inspiring leadership, let us press on, comrades, with renewed vigor to the fray, repeating the battle-cry he sounded at our last Convention: "Faith, Courage, Constancy." G. H. M.

My association with Mr. Griscom was unlike that of most readers of the QUARTERLY. It originated in business, and I saw him chiefly, though not entirely, in that connection.

One of Mr. Griscom's unusual attributes was the appeal that his character and point of view had for people of widely different ideas, training and environment. Many others will feel they knew him as well and as intimately as I did, and yet I am equally sure that many of the characteristics and traits which have endeared him in my memory are utterly different from the characteristics and traits which mean as much to them.

I worked under his guidance for ten years, and in very close and intimate contact for the last four years. Never once have I seen him at a loss to make up his own mind on a knotty business problem; never once have I seen him falter in the directness of his decision, and always have I felt the strong help of his assurance and confidence in what he was doing and in its successful outcome. I have seen him angry many times for just causes, and never once for any reason I was not entirely sympathetic with, both at the time and after.

I think one of the strong impressions that he left with men who were not closely associated with him, but who knew him as a superior, was his unquestioned dignity of presence. I have heard men speak of it wonderingly as a very marked characteristic, which was different from that of other men. I have never been in a gathering where Mr. Griscom has not been the most distinguished figure and where others beside myself have not strongly felt it.

Mr. Griscom had a marvelous memory, not for useless figures, but for minute details of events, discussions and intricacies of business, which is the kind of a memory that means a great deal in business, and is of tremendous importance to an executive. I have had the temerity many times to rely on my own memory in argument with him, but I think that never once when he has disputed a point have I found that he was wrong, in spite of the vast number of details that passed through his hands from

day to day. He was in the habit of remembering promises of achievement for the future in great detail, and was able to remember letters written by other people better than the authors.

Mr. Griscom believed firmly that a young man should work his way up the ladder of success, and I know took great pride and satisfaction in his own early years in the shipping industry. He has related to me many of the details of his early life and his long hours of arduous work then. He liked to be surrounded by young men, and I feel that this was because he himself had so many of the undimmed attributes of youth

In the many serious talks we have had together, one article of his code has remained strongly in my mind. Mr. Griscom was convinced that nothing was ever gained without being earned. The success of his company in the last few years seemed meteoric to casual observers, but he has frequently declared to me that the benefit being reaped now was plainly and conclusively the result of the years and years of effort which he had given to the business, and that every practical consideration indicated the complete verification of his theory that every gain must be paid for. R. C. J.

"Behold, a King shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment.

"And a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

"And the eyes of them that see shall not be dim, and the ears of them that hear shall hearken.

"The heart also of the rash shall understand knowledge, and the tongue of the stammerers shall be ready to speak plainly.

"The vile person shall be no more called liberal, nor the churl said to be bountiful."

He stood as a prince among us, great of heart and strong and clean; and whether we willed it or not, looking first to him and then back to self and to the world, we carried with us new standards of magnanimity and truth, and found he ruled in judgment, not by what he said, but by what he was.

What made him what he was? What made him a refuge in every storm of trouble, "as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest," till all those, near and far, to whom his spirit reached in his ceaseless labour, came to count upon his faithful strength as surely and unthinkingly as we accept the solid earth on which we walk? "As rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," to come to him was always to come home; to meet again eyes that

saw and ears that heard, where the world was blind and deaf, and a voice that spoke our native speech from a heart that understood.

What made him what he was? What was the secret of the contagion of his spirit, giving to others what he was himself? From where did he draw the power that was his, as of an apostle of the inner world, to still the turmoil of material life and lift the veil of Maya from our eyes, so that we, too, saw and hearkened? By what magic did he give pause to the rashness of our hearts and open them to wisdom? Whence came the confidence that caused our stammering tongues to be ready to speak so plainly, when we spoke to him? Why was it that his mere presence stripped away the falseness of our standards, so that we could no more call "liberal" what was only vile? Why does he stand in memory, real in a world of shadows, great of soul, and simple hearted as a child, pre-eminently a *man?*

We know the answer. He told it to us every day. Yet in our love for him, in the loneliness his loss has brought, we still ask ourselves these questions, seeking, from the depth of our need, to find again through them the touch of certainty that was ours with him. And as we ask, reaching out in prayer for some message of hope and strength to the weakness of our hearts, there comes the echo of his Master's words, telling us again the simple secret of every great life's worth and gifts: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do. . . . The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. . . . Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also."

Beneath each debt we owe to Mr. Griscom there lies this deepest debt of all. He did not testify of himself, but of the Father who sent him,—showing us how truly and literally, "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Giving all in unfaltering fidelity to Theosophy, Theosophy gave all to him; its teaching guiding all he did, its spirit quickening all he touched, the living, indwelling, transforming power that made him what he was.

He is no more beside us. But his memory still points our way,—the enduring testimony to the fulness of stature of perfect manhood to which Theosophy leads all who follow it unswervingly to the end. In death as in life, from the land of the immortals, as when he walked beside us here on earth, he places in our outstretched hands and hearts this mighty secret of his proven faith. H. B. M.

I have been reading what others have written of Clement Griscom. There is no word of over-praise. In fact I do not think his greatest victories have been touched upon. Yet, like every other human being,

he, of necessity, had his faults, his limitations. The difference between him and most other men was that throughout his manhood he made it his business to understand, to guard against, to control, to transform, even to make good use of his faults. And he owed this understanding and ability to his study of Theosophy. How indignant he would be if it were not said!

In later years, thanks to the wonderful use he had made of his study of Theosophy, he was able to make similar use and to derive increasing benefit from his membership in the religious Order to which he belonged. But perhaps the greatest achievement of his life was his original and instant acceptance of Theosophy, not only as true, but as the standard and rule of his behaviour. He found in it, not merely the solution of his problems, but the revelation of life itself as the supreme art, the supreme science. He was still a boy. But he had discovered already that life is not easy to live. He longed to know, to understand, the laws of life; the laws that govern the action of those vast and complicated forces—physical, emotional, mental, spiritual—the interplay of which results in the events and trials and problems of daily living. His ceaseless effort to put his knowledge into practice and to obey the laws which Theosophy made clear to him, naturally resulted in closer and closer contact with the Master, Christ, whom he knew as his. But it was Theosophy which had opened the way to this recognition, because it was Theosophy which had convinced him that attainment is possible, and that the best means to that attainment is the right study and right performance of those daily duties which the world regards as commonplace but which he regarded as God-given opportunities. X. Y. Z.

We seem to give him back to Thee, dear God, who gavest him to us. Yet as Thou didst not lose him in giving, so we have not lost him by his return. Not as the world giveth givest Thou, O Lover of Souls! What Thou givest Thou takest not away. For what is Thine is ours always, if we are Thine. And life is eternal; and love is immortal; and death is only an horizon; and an horizon is nothing save the limit of our sight. Lift us up, strong Son of God, that we may see further; cleanse our eyes that we may see more clearly; draw us closer to Thyself that we may know ourselves nearer to our beloved who are with Thee. And while Thou dost prepare a place for us, prepare us for that happy place, that where they are, and Thou art, we too may be, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—AN OLD PRAYER, BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

REMINISCENCES

ONE whose memory of The Theosophical Society goes back for thirty-four years, of necessity recalls many deaths, and, unhappily, many defections. On no less than three occasions during this more than a third of a century, The Theosophical Society, through causes of its own making, lost by defection more than half its members: the period, if you wish, of "spiritual selection," followed by the period of reconstruction.

Of the deaths in this long cycle, two stand out most prominently: the death of Mme. Blavatsky and the death of W. Q. Judge. With these, in a certain sense, one must class the death of Clement A. Griscom.

I knew Mme. Blavatsky for four years before her death, in that period when, after the great convulsion of 1884-5, she began the painful work of rebuilding the spiritual life of The Theosophical Society. There had been wholesale desertions; but the real difficulty, the heart-breaking difficulty was the moral defection of some of those on whom she most counted, who had worked with her from the beginning, a moral defection only the more dangerous, because they still continued to work with her outwardly, though filled with inner suspicion and distrust. It required, in her, heroic courage and faith, to build once more, on deeper foundations, the fabric that had been so dangerously shaken. This was the period of *The Secret Doctrine, The Voice of the Silence* and the great editorials in *Lucifer*. It was also the period of a concentrated and profoundly difficult effort to train disciples, an effort which, unfortunately, was an almost total failure. For of the group of students whom Mme. Blavatsky began to gather around her in England in 1887 and 1888, only one, Archibald Keightley, is still on the firing line. He was, in a sense, the beloved disciple, the one completely trusted.

Of the nearly complete failure of this group, and of the effort to form it, Mme. Blavatsky was fully conscious before her death. That was, I think, one of the things which made her very willing to die.

But there was success in another quarter, which really meant the salvation of the movement. I had a long talk with Mme. Blavatsky two or three days before her death. She spoke, among other things, of W. Q. Judge, and I received the fullest assurance of his spiritual standing and his place in the work; and, immediately after her death, this was completely corroborated.

Mr. Judge had been with her from the beginning, in the days when The Theosophical Society was founded, in New York, in 1874. But for ten years his work had been largely interior, dealing with his own development and preparation. And it was only with the founding of *The Path*, in 1885, that he entered on the more active cycle of his work—at the time when Mme. Blavatsky finally left India.

It was shortly after this that Clement Griscom joined The Theosophical Society, at once becoming one of a small group closely identified with Mr. Judge's work, completely trusting him and completely trusted by him. Of this group, too, as of those who were gathered round Mme. Blavatsky in London, later defection was the future destiny of almost all; and here is the first cardinal fact in Clement Griscom's history: faithful in the beginning, he remained faithful to the end: "Be ye faithful unto death, and I will give you the crown of life."

The inherent dangers of the situation which Mme. Blavatsky had left in London, the suspicions and treacheries inherent in the earlier group who had worked with her in India, began to manifest themselves within a year or two after her death. The centre of infection was Adyar; but that infection found fertile soil elsewhere, in London and in America. And the last three years of Mr. Judge's life were occupied with a life-and-death struggle for the vital Theosophical principles, of which, by Mme. Blavatsky's death, he had become the chief custodian.

Among the men who had gathered about Mr. Judge in New York, in the years following 1885, three conspicuously aided him in that life-and-death struggle. Of these, Clement Griscom was one. And once more it must be said that, of the three, he alone remained faithful to the end.

I met Mr. Griscom in London about the time when this second conflict developed, after the death of Mme. Blavatsky, but while Mr. Judge, whom I had known earlier in London, was still alive. So that our friendship goes back more than a quarter of a century.

Of Mr. Griscom's part in the conflict which raged about Mr. Judge, from 1893 to 1895, others, who were then in New York, are better qualified to write than I am; as also of the first months of transition which followed Mr. Judge's death, early in 1896. It was late in that year that I came to this country; Clement Griscom did much to facilitate my coming, in that kind and gentle way which was so deeply characteristic of him; and from that time forward, his friendship was among my most precious possessions.

Dangerous and difficult months followed, new convulsions and new defections from the true spirit of the Movement were already making themselves manifest, in a series of events which, like the earlier and perhaps even more dangerous convulsions, are only a tradition to the great majority of those who make up The Theosophical Society today. But they were momentous realities to those who passed through them, soul-searching realities, and very grave dangers. The fact that they are intimately known to so few, is, in a sense, the measure of Clement Griscom's work: he was one of the few who remained wholly faithful and loyal, in principle and in act, throughout that long and bitter contest; and was, of those few, the man who was most active, most effective, most devoted and ardent, in the slow and painful years of rebuilding that followed the conflict. The fact that so many members of The Theosophical

Society know these events even as a dim tradition, they owe in large measure to Clement Griscom; for that there is today a Theosophical Society, true to the high spiritual purpose which originated it, and able to hand down this and other traditions, is in large measure due to him, while his devoted and effective work with W. Q. Judge, his own power, and the supremely wise guidance which he ceaselessly followed, gave him the power to do this.

I think that members of the present day, in the period of strong and enthusiastic Annual Conventions, of abundant and able magazine articles, of regular meetings and thoughtful studies, do not at all realize the difficult and barren years which followed the last cycle's convulsion of The Theosophical Society, which came to a head at the Chicago Convention. in the summer of 1898. There are not many members now in The Theosophical Society who can tell the full story of that decisive Convention, and who can tell of Clement Griscom's part in it. From the action then taken, in which Clement Griscom played a leading part, is due, under divine power, the whole future development of The Theosophical Society, nay, the fact that The Theosophical Society is in existence.

I have spoken of the lean years that followed. How many members realize that, for long months and years, there were no meetings, no active branches, no such publications as they have grown accustomed to, and which seem to them part of the inevitable order of life? The first stirring of new life, the first outer expression of the vital principles of The Theosophical Society that had been saved amid great danger at the Chicago Convention, was due once more to Clement Griscom. It was the publication of a tiny periodical, slim, insignificant looking, without a cover, bearing the name *The Forum,*—the revival of a leaflet of questions and answers, which had come into being in Mr. Judge's day. Mr. Griscom gathered the material for the first number, arranged for its printing, meeting (as he so often did) the cost of its production, and organized its distribution. That was the first corporate act of The Theosophical Society, after the convulsion from which it had been barely saved—saved, as has been recorded, in large measure by Clement Griscom.

The Forum continued for several years. Then, when it became evident that the now reviving and expanding activities of The Theosophical Society required a larger organ, an organ, too, of somewhat different character, Clement Griscom once more took the initiative, establishing THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, now in its sixteenth volume—so remote already are the lean years of which I have spoken, the days of small things, which made our opportunity. Here once again, Clement Griscom not only initiated THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, edited it, largely contributed to it, and read all proof, but advanced money for the cost, for several years, holding himself always a trustee for the spiritual powers, and considering everything he possessed as belonging to these powers, to be used for their purposes, and not in any sense his own.

But before THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY came into being, other

activities had come back painfully to life. Members of today, who are so accustomed to "Annual Conventions," who will take part, in a few days, in an Annual Convention, the outstanding fact of which will be Clement Griscom's absence, do not know, perhaps, that, for some years after 1898, no public Conventions were held, for the simple fact that The Theosophical Society had not gathered strength to hold them. It was too weakened in numbers and in force to find this outward expression of its life. Once more it is to be recorded that Clement Griscom, in the years of slow and painful reconstruction, saw that the time had come to revive this form of Theosophical activity; once again, it was he who did the main work of organization for that Convention. Yet even earlier, leading up to this first Convention and making it possible, public meetings had been begun once more in New York: at the Mott Memorial Hall, in Madison Avenue, which held revered memories of the early days of Mr. Judge's public work. Mr. Griscom took a leading part in the revival of these meetings; and, painful as it always was for him to speak in public (a life-long sacrifice which only his closest friends realized), spoke frequently, and spoke always with inspiration and the simple directness of a noble heart.

Of Clement Griscom's work in the years that followed, there are many witnesses who can give convincing testimony, telling what they owe to his initiative, his force, his counsel, his wonderful qualities. I have thought it better to speak instead of the long-past, dangerous days, which are remembered by so few. Nor shall I try to sum up Clement Griscom's services; they are known best to the Great Power that has stood, an eternal rock, behind The Theosophical Society since its foundation; that, ages since, prepared that foundation.

"As He pronounces lastly on each deed
Of so much praise—in Heaven—expect thy mead."

There remains but one thing that should be said: Through the long and arduous years of his great and fruitful labours, Clement Griscom always had, close at hand, the purest, highest and divinest inspiration; he always had the wisdom of the heart to accept and follow it.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

THE MAGIC WORD DEMOCRACY

THERE is an unreasoning prejudice at the present time against Kings and against names describing certain types of government. Please note that the prejudice is against the name—not the thing itself, and that is why it is prejudice. We Americans inherit a dislike for Kings because of the way one of them treated us back in the 1760's and 1770's, but surely that is not going to colour our views and distort our understanding of political science forever. We read about the much-to-be desired downfall of the last of the monarchies, and as likely as not the writer lives in a town in the Middle West which has thrown its mayor and aldermen into the dust heap and has adopted an up-to-date government by a City Manager; which is a pure Monarchy. A Congressman shouts some scornful diatribe against the effete aristocracies of Europe, and he prides himself upon his home town progressiveness in adopting the Commission form of government. He would be horrified to discover that it complies with Aristotle's definition of an oligarchy or aristocracy. The simple truth is that we have in this huge republic of ours, every kind of government in the pure form, as well as an inconceivable variety of combinations of the several kinds. Or rather we probably do not have any really pure democratic form, unless perhaps in some very small rural community where a considerable number of the actual inhabitants exercise parts of the functions of government.

The form of government does not matter. You can have, you do have, you always have had, you always will have, good, bad, and indifferent governments of each of the several types. Whether a government is good or bad does not depend upon its form; it depends upon the honesty, benevolence and intelligence of those exercising the functions of government. The Democracy of Rome was one of the most powerful military despotisms in history, relatively much more powerful and dominating than the present German military autocracy, though not more so than the Germans want to be.

When all the world shows a marked tendency to travel in a given direction, or to proclaim a certain truth, it is time for the philosopher to pause and reflect. This is particularly true when we deal with anything so intangible as a political theory, for even in Science, fashions run to extremes. The intellectual world has not yet recovered from the excessive swing of the Darwinian-evolutionary-anti-religious movement of the last century. There are people who still talk about the conflict between Religion and Science, as if the lack of sympathy between some of the exponents of those activities were inevitable and necessary.

The present tendency to exalt Democracy is a case in point. Democracy is a very real, and a very good thing; but it is not most of the

things called by its name in these rather hectic days. There is a great deal of confused thinking about it; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that there is a great deal of writing and speaking and not a little shouting, which shows a marked absence of thinking. The fundamental trouble is that the word Democracy (I confess, as I write it, that I feel as if it were sacrosanct), this almost sacred word, is used to describe two utterly different things. One is its correct use as a form of government. The other is an incorrect use which it is not easy to define, for it is more a spirit, or a feeling, or a tendency that really has nothing to do with forms of government.

Governing men is a problem thousands, and possibly millions, of years old. Twenty-three centuries ago Aristotle classified and defined the recognized forms of Government and his classification is still generally accepted, despite our boast that everything is new! His definitions were based on two simple principles: Whether the governing power seeks its own good, or the good of the whole state; and whether the governing power is one man, or a few men, or many men.

GOVERNMENT	GOOD FORM	BAD FORM
By one	Monarchy	Tyranny
By a few in comparison with the whole	Aristocracy	Oligarchy
By a large number in comparison with the whole	Commonwealth	Democracy

For some generations past the people of the western world have shown a marked tendency to free themselves from certain governmental trammels. This was a revolt against the abuses of the other governments; but in the progress of time, this revolt became confused in people's minds with the forms of governments themselves, because the abuses were associated with the forms. This confusion is very widespread, very fundamental, has colored the writings of all but the sanest of our political scientists, and is responsible for most of the nonsense now being spoken and written about Democracy.

The second general confusion we note is in connection with the source of the power exercised by the Government, whatever be its form. It has not been generally understood, and is not now generally understood, that the source of power always has been, is now, and must always be the people. The worst tyrant, or most powerful monarch who ever lived, could only reign with the consent of those he governed. Books have been written about the divine right of Kings, but that again is a confusion. The greatest of all kings, and the most authentically divinely

appointed, had no secular power, because the people to whom He was sent refused to accept Him. A Divine Being may appoint Kings to rule over nations, but if so, He does not and never has interfered with the freedom of the people to accept or reject such Kings, as they see fit.

The point is, that the power exercised by the Government, whatever its form, springs from those governed, and may be withdrawn by them whenever a sufficient number of them choose. Whether it ought to be or not, is another question. The government of the late Czar crumpled like a house of cards as soon as a sufficient number of Russians no longer wanted the Czar to have the power. He and Charles I, may have had mandates from God which the people ought to have recognized and obeyed, but even if this had been so, the power exercised by these monarchs would still have come from their subjects and was withdrawable at will.

There is not a sin which any government has committed, which all governments have not also committed; nor are certain forms of government more given to sin than others. Nothing could have been more caste ridden, exclusive, and aristocratic than the democracies of Greece; and if you want illustrations of the concentrated essence of all that is evil in Government, you need not look further afield than to some of the Central and South American republics of the present day.

It is curious that we do not ordinarily apply to government what our everyday experience teaches us. Everyone knows the amount of time and energy wasted in getting anything done when a committee is in charge, yet in our governments we appoint committees, in despair, in order to get anything done at all. The Committee, after fruitless efforts to accomplish the given task, usually appoints one of its number to go ahead and do the thing, and this he is usually able to do in some fashion or other and without too much delay. We know, all of us, that when a difficult and quick piece of work is to be done, it is a one man job. But we have such profound distrust of each other, that we are only willing to give one man power in an emergency, or because experience has proved that it is the only way, or because there is a special hurry, or a danger.

This is particularly true of national governments. We try to split up the power, and spread it out over as many people as possible in ordinary times; and we usually overdo it, so that there is constant complaint of the unwieldy size of Congress, or of the number of commissions controlling our public utilities, or of the multitude of departments or officials with which we must do business. Then an emergency comes, and we reverse all this. There is greater and greater concentration of power. The people cheerfully relinquish their cherished "rights"; the politician reluctantly gives up his hold on public affairs; and the executives, as they show their capacity, rapidly assume and wield the full powers of an absolute autocrat. That is the prevalent form of government at the present day. Great Britain is governed by an autocratic and only partially aristocratic oligarchy; Germany by military autocrats; Russia by an auto-

cratic and amorphous tyranny, which is rigidly exclusive and caste ridden, in that it will not permit the rich and the cultured to have any voice in public affairs; America is nearer monarchical in form than any of the larger nations. France has been halted in its progress toward autocracy by an oligarchy of corrupt and unpatriotic politicians who have as yet refused to surrender power.*

My point, however, is that the form of government has little to do with the excellence of government, and not much to do with the efficiency of government. The most efficient government is probably the German military autocracy, not because it is a military autocracy, but because the greatest amount of intelligence and pains have been taken to make it efficient. The most excellent government is probably that of Great Britain—monarchical in form; democratic in spirit; oligarchical in fact. It is rapidly becoming also one of the most efficient, not because of its form, but because of the immense concentration of the nation's best intelligence on the problems of government during the last three years.

It is of course easier for a government where power is highly concentrated to bring about efficiency. Whether it will also be a good government depends upon the character of the governing class. They may use their power to enrich themselves by illegitimate means, as they have done in France and in many other countries.

The object of government is to assure each individual as much freedom to follow his own will as is compatible with a like freedom to all other individuals. The government—no matter what its form—must have whatever power is required to accomplish this object. When the wants of men were simple, government was simple. A chief, with a club, sufficed for a tribe of savages. When civilization became complicated, the necessary functions of government increased proportionately. Efforts have been made by many writers on political science to set limits to the legitimate functions of government. Herbert Spencer thought we had already gone too far. Socialists think we have not yet gone far enough. Both miss the point. The point is that the amount of government, and in considerable measure, the kind of government, follow the law of supply and demand. It is not a perfectly balanced law and it does not operate instantaneously, any more than it does in economics. It is merely a general law which none the less surely brings about the inevitable results in the progress of time. This, so far as I know, has never been pointed out by any writer on political science, and, therefore, can bear some elaboration.

People, in the long run, get, and must get, else they perish, the amount and kind of government they need; *need*, please note, not want; and they do not get any more than is necessary, for every stage forward in government means a still greater curtailment of individual freedom. The savage could not survive the restrictions our present government

* Mr. Griscom wrote this article in 1917, before Clemenceau had come into power, and before the upheaval in Germany.

would force upon him; and the Russian is dying in large numbers because a lot of his restrictions have recently been removed. He will go on dying in larger and larger numbers until he is chained up again by the amount of government he needs at his present stage of civilization. It does not matter what form that new government will take; what matters vitally is that there shall be enough of it. Arguing from precedent, the form is likely to be some kind of dictatorship, backed by the requisite military power, which later on will be gradually modified by a decentralization of power. The final outcome is likely to be a moderate, but only a moderate, advance towards democratic forms, if we contrast the outcome with the government of the late Czar. That is what the Russian people demand. I do not mean vocal demands, for they do not yet realize their needs. I mean the actual demand made by the aggregate of their characters, capacities, limitations, weaknesses, strengths, vices, virtues, and so on. That kind of people, who have reached that stage of development, need a certain amount of government, and they must get it, or perish. What other people, living at the same time, in other countries need, is no criterion for them. This unfortunately is not generally understood, although it is sufficiently obvious. There are no rules to determine what is the proper amount of government to give any particular people at any given time. Those who are wise and experienced in such matters, and that means a very small number of persons indeed, can give a fairly good guess, and then discover their mistake by experiment. England has shown special genius for doing this successfully, because, among other things, she has no fixed theories. She controls Canada by not governing it at all, and she governs thousands of African savages by benevolent tyrannies of the most absolute type. She manages her great empire by using all the different forms of government, and by the greatest variety in the extent of control. Germany is a conspicuously unsuccessful colonizer because she has fixed theories on the subject and tries to apply those theories. As they are patterned upon the kind and amount of government required by the German people, and as, fortunately, most of the people in the world are unlike the German people, the theories do not work.

The operation of the law of supply and demand in government bears a still closer analogy to the operation of the law in economics. People do not get the government they need, until the realization of their need creates a demand. It is, at all times, demand, not need, which produces the supply. Furthermore, people do not get what they want merely by demanding it; they have to back their demand by power, and that power they get by work. It is a product of effort. So in government. We must earn the privilege of a better and more efficient government by work, by effort. It cannot be legislated into being. The French tried that in the early days of the Revolution. They made Constitution after Constitution, and none of them worked. The Russians have been trying it for a year. They got what they thought they wanted, but not what they needed.

No constitution will work until it expresses the character and genius of the people. The French Constitution of the last forty years has not been suited to the real genius of the French people, and therefore has never worked well, and will continue to work badly until changed. The law of supply and demand in governments is not an instantaneous law, and it takes time to bring about readjustments, but come they will and must; just as a scarcity in some article of commerce will increase prices until the usual channels and barriers of trade are broken down and the supply flows in.

In view of all this, what does the President mean when he says that the world must be made safe for Democracy? What is the new god which the modern world worships so passionately; for which men cheerfully lay down their lives; which has become the ideal of our twentieth century civilization? People get enthusiastic about Democracy who have never been enthusiastic about anything in their lives before. Their eyes glow and their hearts beat faster over—what? The Russian Revolution was hailed as the greatest event since—I do not know when; some people have said, since the time of Christ. Why? What magic is there in this word, this name for one of the forms of government? It is certainly a curious fact that many persons would rather have a pro-German tyranny, named Democracy, in Russia, than a pro-Ally government under a Czar.

A democratic form of government is certainly a good thing for the people who are fitted for it, and it would be a bad thing for the people—shall we venture to say like the Russians or the Filipinos,—who are not fitted for it. I do not know whether the Russians are fitted for it or not. It certainly does not look as if they were. I feel pretty confident that the Filipinos are not. Both questions will doubtless be resolved by experience, for the tendency is to thrust this form of government upon them. But why the heat, the almost religious fervour with which the matter is proposed? If the Russians are fit for democracy, they will get it, and all will be well. If they are not fit for it, they will not get it, or, if it is thrust upon them, it will not work, and will cause them untold misery. In due time they will emerge from the resulting chaos, considerably reduced in numbers, somewhat, but not much, chastened by experience, for we learn such lessons slowly; and again this ever fresh and unwearied world will go on with its appointed task, which, among other things, is the progress and development of the Russian people. But why the passion; why this new religion? Surely no one thinks anything so crude as that a change in the form of the Russian Government is going to change the character of the Russian people! Does anyone really believe that suppressing the Kaiser and what he stands for, will reform or redeem the German people? Does a bad man become a good man when given the vote? Will the bribe taker of old Russia suddenly become honest, because he has a representative at Petrograd? The late Russian government was corrupt, oppressive and inefficient, because it was run by corrupt, oppressive and inefficient men, not because the form of govern-

ment was an autocracy. If those men had been honest, kind and efficient, Russia would have been well governed. Nor does a democracy tend to get the honest, kind and efficient men into public office. On the contrary. It is a well recognized defect of the democratic form of government that the best element in the population will not run for office.

The most efficient government France has had for a thousand years was the autocracy of Napoleon. His standards and methods are still the rule in the best managed French departments. In the hundred years which have passed since then, France has tried six or seven different kinds of government. They were all equally bad because those exercising the powers of government were not honest, benevolent and intelligent. We are extremely democratic in New York, yet our city government is nearly always one of the worst in the world because it is carried on by creatures of Tammany Hall, a corrupt, political organization. Its form of Government, as a matter of fact, is that of a limited monarchy, with a mayor as king, with very limited powers; a legislative body called the Aldermanic Council; and a special body controlling supplies, called the Board of Estimate and Apportionment.

What do people mean when they talk about Democracy? What does the newspaper mean when it reports the abrogation of constitutional rights and the concentration of power in some one man's hands, and calls this "a triumph of Democracy"? Why was it not a failure of Democracy?

When Congress steps aside and lets the President, through Cabinet Officers and quasi-legal War Committees, wield all the powers usually wielded by the several branches of the government; when they confer upon this one man, power that has not been equalled since the days of Napoleon, what are we to think? I am heartily in favor of it as a national necessity, but it is the absolute antithesis of everything that is democratic. It means that democracy has broken down under the stress of war, and that temporarily we had to go back to autocracy, to absolutism. It is an old story. Rome had to do it repeatedly in the great crises of her history. Democracy is a fair weather friend, which always fails in an emergency.

Is it possible that when we talk, and particularly when we shout, about Democracy, we are really not talking about Democracy, but about something else? It has to do with forms of government, for the people who have the word oftenest upon their lips are constantly talking about or against kings and aristocracies.

So far as I have been able to grasp and define this illusive conception, I believe that something akin to the Brotherhood of Man is what we are really feeling after; an ideal which stirs our innate religious instincts and which justifies our passion. When we add the Fatherhood of God idea to the Brotherhood of Man idea, our conception will be complete. But why call it Democracy?

Leaving out, then, the confusion about forms of government, and the second confusion between the form of government and the quality

of Government, and the third confusion about the source of power, which, we repeat, is always in the people—whether the power be exercised by a King or an autocrat like President Wilson, or an autocracy or oligarchy, like the War Cabinet of Great Britain, or a more democratic government like that of Italy—leaving these several confusions aside for the moment, what else do we mean by Democracy for which the world must be made safe?

When some people speak about the democratic spirit, I understand what they mean. They mean greater licence to do what they want, without being interfered with by the government. When a workman speaks of democracy, he means a state where labor will come into its own; that is, where he will be on top, and capital underneath. When an American farmer speaks of democracy, he usually means something rather vague about freedom which his forefathers fought for. When a Russian farmer speaks about democracy, he means getting someone else's land for nothing. When our politicians speak about democracy, they mean a magic word which gets votes and gains applause. When our editorial writers speak about democracy, half of them do not know what they mean; and they ought to be ashamed of themselves.

Democracy, if it means anything, means a decentralization of power, which, highly concentrated in a monarchy, is somewhat spread out in an oligarchy or aristocracy, and is still more distributed as we go down the scale, or up the scale, if you prefer. In a democracy, the powers of government are wielded by a great many persons. If we carry the matter to an extreme, to a *reductio ad absurdum,* we have what is called philosophical anarchy, where everyone exercises the functions of government, or, to put the same thing in another way, where there is no government at all. Socialism does not come into this category. Socialism is not a question of form of government, it is a question of the amount of government. There is much confused thinking at this point. You can have socialism under any form of government. There has been a considerable amount of socialistic legislation in the German military autocracy in recent decades. There has been much in the monarchical government of England. There has been less here in democratic America. Great difference of opinion exists about the part the Government should play in human affairs; about the amount of Government there should be. The only safe rule to lay down is that there is no final answer to this question; there is no Governmental panacea for the ills and inequalities of human life; what is best will vary with time, place, circumstance, and with the quality and character of the people concerned. If you believe in the Government ownership of the means of production and distribution you are a Socialist, but you can also believe quite logically and rationally that a monarchical form of Government, as in England, would best administer the property and business of the Socialist state. Or you may believe, though I confess this does not appear logical and rational, that a

rigid caste tyranny like the Bolsheviki in Russia, can achieve the best results. These are matters of opinion.

There is still another phase of this subject, another confusion. Just as, in the past, people associated the abuses of government with the form of government, so now I think many people associate the so-called blessings of our modern civilization with Democracy: the spread of education, advancement of science and industry, newspapers, improved means of communication, a better or juster opportunity for the working man, the suppression of slavery, etc., etc. Democracy stands for these things in their minds, and as they value them highly, the value carries over to the Democracy which they associate with them. Such people forget that these things have nothing to do with Democracy. Most of them were started and developed under monarchies or autocracies. Democratic America was the last big nation to suppress slavery. Autocratic Germany is still the best educated—or at least, education such as it is, is most widely diffused. Laws specially favoring the workingman, as a rule, have not originated, though many of them have been copied, in America. The working man has had a better chance to get rich in this country during recent decades, than in most other places, but that was because of economic conditions and had nothing to do with political forms.

I am unable to think of any special advantage we Americans possess which can justly be attributed to our Democratic institutions. I am unable to think of any special advantages we possess, which would not have been equally possible under some other form of Government. Canada seems pretty well off. Her people are no less free. Their opportunity for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness would appear to be equal to ours.

What then is it all about? Let us be philosophical enough to pause and reflect, even if by so doing we are unable to share the current enthusiasm. Let us keep sane and balanced minds and be not afraid to face the facts of history and the truisms of political science. Let us put Democracy in its rightful place as a form of Government, and resolutely refuse to add it to the rapidly growing number of new religions.

CLEMENT A. GRISCOM.

LETTERS TO FRIENDS

DEAR FRIEND:

I AM more than sorry, but it cannot be. I would come to you at once were it right to do so; for you loved and love him as I love him, and now that every hour cries out that he is not here to share it with me, and that I can take nothing from the day to him, the physical presence of those who were close to him would be no small comfort. But as things are, neither of us is free to leave our place and tasks to seek the hours together that we crave. We have no longer the great rock of his faithful strength on which to lay our burdens while we pause for breath, and so we dare not pause, or slacken. Somehow, for his sake, as for the work's and the Master's own, we must find the grace and resolution to do more, not less, than we have ever done before. To fulfil the trust imposed in us is now the one thing our love can do for him; to carry on all that was his, all that was his and ours together because it was and is the Master's; to answer from some deeper level of our life the call he followed to the death,—that what we lose in him may be made good in power to the work for which he died.

I have never felt so inadequate and impotent, facing life thus, shorn of half myself. The simplest, most familiar things now present new and unsuspected difficulties. It is as though, when I took up this pad to write to you and reached with my other hand for my pencil, I found I had no other hand—that nothing moved, only a sudden pain in the empty sleeve through which the nerves should run,—and I stand for a moment, puzzling dumbly what is wrong, till the tears in my eyes rouse me to the truth, and I seek a place on which to rest the pad that I may hold the pencil. I am a very baby in his loss. Like a baby I have to learn all over again to do alone the myriad things that through all these years I have done with him. Here, in my own rooms, there is scarce a book upon my shelves or picture on the walls that does not speak to me of him. And inwardly it is the same. There is no hope or memory in which he has not part. Life after life he has been my comrade. In that far distant past when the Master called and waked me, he was there. And now, like a child left in the dark, I miss his human presence—the comradeship that is the birthright and blood-tie of my soul, and which is no longer mine as man.

But however impotent we may feel, the call is clear. Duty does not come without the ability to fulfil it, and the Master does not ask from us what he has not given to us. As more is asked, we know surely that more has been given; and it is for us to find that more, and use it. Or rather, since the Master's gifts are never hidden, and there can be no search for what is so agonizingly ours in every fibre of our being, it but remains to use it. We have only our pain, where till now we have had a

friend, in a companionship so close and dear as to make all labour sweet; and therefore from our very pain must come the new strength that we need. We have no longer the shield of his love. But we have its sword in a new way. In his loss it has pierced to the depths of our souls, and through the open wound, from those unknown depths which suffering alone can reach, must come our power. On Calvary, the Master placed his spirit for all who seek it; and from there, you and I must draw his power with which to do his will and work.

I have been thinking much of these things through the past weeks, and little by little they have been growing clearer to me. There was need that they should grow clearer; and as we ourselves learn their lessons we shall have to help others to learn them too. The mystery of pain will never be resolved by words. Only as we enter through its portals can we know to what its long, vast corridors may lead. But you and I are only two of the many hundreds who loved him, whom he helped over some steep place in their search for the disciple's path, and who now suffer in his loss. There is no man or woman to whom grief and pain do not come, none who does not enter where understanding is possible. And yet so few do understand.

What you write is true. To speak of the "shadow of death" is like speaking of the shadow of the sun. Death is light, such clear, white light as that by which the Master sees, so that, for a moment before it blinds us, we share something of his vision, and see that the only shadow is the shadow cast by self; that everything sought and gained for self was lost; and everything surrendered is found and kept. It was easy to say, "I will not be ambitious"; and when success or failure must alike seem lonely, ambition is mere mockery. But no man, on whom the light of death has fallen, can think, "When the Master reads my heart, he will find it clean utterly."

These things are true. And it is well, perhaps, to say them, as it is surely well to hold them fast in memory, that we may try harder, more unremittingly and humbly, and with clearer consciousness of its meaning, to "Live neither in the present nor the future, but in the eternal," in the light of the eternal that shines from the face of death, where we know that we "Desire possessions above all; but those possessions must belong to the pure soul only, and be possessed therefore by all pure souls equally, and thus be the special property of the whole only when united." Yet it is not of these things that I most wish you would now write, as you tell me you are thinking of doing. These lessons of grief's *teaching*, life itself brings home to every good man and every religious man, to every one who loves anything at all but self. They may be forgotten, but they cannot be escaped. And it is in part because of this, because grief cannot come without bringing this light that shows us our selfishness and sin, that, looking to them, and in the anguish of our self-reproach, too many of us miss the deeper lesson of grief's *existence* and reality—the meaning to man's spirit of the immutable fact of pain and loss and anguish

as inherent in the nature of being itself. It is this that I wish you could make plain.

It is a wholly wrong idea of grief to think of it only as the consequence of blindness or the punishment of sin; as though, had we but been good enough, all would have been smooth and comfortable; as though a living faith, and some true knowledge of the soul's life, should lift men above the common, human trials and griefs, make suffering but a mirage, and the loss and loneliness of death unreal. It involves, too, a wholly wrong conception of life and growth and the nature of the soul's consciousness. Yet we find, all about us, this tacit assumption that the good man and the religious man, above all, perhaps, the occultist who has laid hold upon the real, should thereby have his heart anaesthetized to pain. Few who call themselves Christians realize that Christianity would bring them to the agony of the Cross. Few who seek the pathway to the real are conscious that it must lead them more deeply into all of life, and not away from any of its tragedy and sorrow. How can those find and recognize the path who have so false a picture of it? Or how can those follow it who cling, even if unknowingly, to so opposite a desire?

Can you not help them to understand that the passion of Christ was real? To read, and take to themselves, the lesson that all of history teaches, that the noblest suffer most, "the bravest are the tenderest," that to grow in spiritual power is to grow in capacity for pain? To face the fact that pain is real and must endure, increasing not diminishing, that nowhere and never can it be escaped or left behind, is what men most need today; and they would understand this if they understood Christ's passion. But they do not understand. Beneath the surface of their thought, rarely recognized yet colouring their vision, is the feeling that in some way the passion was but an appearance, a pretence; that, being God, Christ could not suffer as does man. It is a strange assumption. It is so obviously not the dead flesh that suffers, but only the flesh quickened by the spirit of life. The more we have of life, the more we must suffer. And God is life. Because Christ was one with God, because the incarnation of the spirit had penetrated and quickened every atom of his flesh, the mere physical pain of the crucifixion was intensified a myriad times beyond that which we could know as we are now. Are we then to think that we shall escape pain as we follow him along the path he travelled; or that the gift he came to give us, the gift of life in greater abundance, will bring insensibility?

Pain of the flesh, pain of the heart, pain of the spirit! "When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he groaned in the spirit and was troubled, and said, Where have ye laid him? They said unto him, Lord, come and see. Jesus wept." There was no pretence in those tears. They were not less painful or less human than are yours and mine, though in them was the knowledge and the power to comfort the heart he loved, and to call his servant from the corruption of the grave. No words could be more convincing than is the

simple gospel narrative, if men would but read and meditate upon it. And if we would foresee the path our feet must tread, to find and follow him we call our Lord, there it lies before us: the agony in the garden, the anguish of his prayer, the lonely craving for companionship that woke, in vain, his sleeping friends; and, at the end, in the darkness of the ninth hour, the utter desolation of that final cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Of those who read your writings, and whom you perhaps influence more than you know, there are many who call themselves Christians. Lead them to meditate upon the passion of Christ. Show them through it, and through his acceptance of it, the meaning of that first unnumbered rule, "written for all disciples," in *Light on the Path:* "Before the eyes can see, they must be incapable of tears." It is the first law of discipleship, and the first test of the disciple is that he should live his life in accordance with it. Yet how many are there who have taken the trouble even to try to understand it? Let us grant that it is written in cipher, and that its surface meaning might be misinterpreted into the very opposite of the truth. But the disciple is not one who is content with surface meanings, and when the commentary is studied there is no ground left for misconception.

"To be incapable of tears is to have faced and conquered the simple human nature, and to have attained an equilibrium which cannot be shaken by personal emotions. It does not imply any hardness of heart, or any indifference. . . . None of these conditions are fit for a disciple, and if any one of them exist in him, it must be overcome before the Path can be entered upon. . . . This sensibility does not lessen when the disciple enters upon his training, it increases. It is the first test of his strength; he must suffer, must enjoy or endure, more keenly than other men, while yet he has taken on him a duty which does not exist for other men, that of not allowing his suffering to shake him from his fixed purpose."

And again: "They are ceremonies in which only novices take part, for they are simple services of the threshold. But it will show how serious a thing it is to become a disciple, when it is understood that these are all ceremonies of sacrifice. The first one is this of which I have been speaking. The keenest enjoyment, the bitterest pain, the anguish of loss and despair, are brought to bear on the trembling soul, which has not yet found light in the darkness, which is helpless as a blind man is: and until these shocks can be endured without loss of equilibrium the astral senses must remain sealed. This is the merciful law. . . . Then the vibration of life loses its power of tyranny. The sensitive nature must suffer still; but the soul has freed itself and stands aloof, guiding the life towards its greatness." Not freed from suffering, but from the power of tyranny of suffering, from the power that suffering has had to turn us from our goal. "Jesus wept," but the agony of the garden had no power to turn him back from Calvary.

There is a certain cowardice behind this common unwillingness to believe in the continuing reality of pain, and that we ourselves must suffer more, not less, as we advance. It is the same cowardice that underlies the denials of Christian Science. Pain cannot be real, it says. Why? The coward in us tries first one answer and then another. Because God is love. Yes; but love is pain as well as joy, and craves to suffer for what gives it joy. Because Christ died for us, and in his suffering (which but a moment ago we were prepared also to argue could not have been what it seemed) paid, once and for all, the penalty of my sin. But the uses of pain are far greater than the mere penalty of sin. It is the law of the life we live on earth. "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." It was his peace, not freedom from pain, that Christ promised to those who followed him. So, finally, we bring forth, stripped of pretext, the basic grounds of our objection. Pain, we say, cannot be real because I do not desire it, but rather wish ease and comfort and security. In so saying we pronounce judgment on ourselves; not pain, but the self which speaks is thus revealed unreal. It is a self which is in all of us; but it is the self that dies, not the soul that is immortal.

It is time we faced the facts of life. He who seeks ease and comfort and security is not seeking the real, and the sooner he gives up all idea of discipleship the better it will be for him and all his fellows. Discipleship makes life harder, not easier. It causes us to do in years, and by the force of our own will and desire, what life itself would do for us through cycles of rebirth. Only the man who loves something more than self, more than ease or comfort or security, more than joy or pain, or life or death, or anything that these may bring to him, has the least chance of success. Only as he has something for which he is willing to die, has he anything by which he may enter the world of the real, or live there when he has entered.

Do you remember that day, years ago, when we visited S——— in his laboratory? I have never forgotten the simple experiment he showed us, and I imagine that you, too, will recall it; the little coils of copper wire, all lying inert and unresponsive, quite "comfortable" and "at ease," though above them hung that great electric magnet to which my knife leapt when I let it go. Then through each of those little coils, one by one, S——— passed a current that he varied as he chose; and the coils began to quiver and to move. Some stood upright; others leapt up, as had my knife; some straining at the threads that held them, others breaking loose and flying free. The magnet had not changed its power; but they had changed. Before they had been as dead things. Now it was as though they were alive. And in accordance with the current in each was the power by which the magnet drew them. It is not a new illustration of the relation between the desire in men's hearts and the power of the Lodge to help them; for S——— himself has used it for this purpose, and I have more than once borrowed it from him. But it is a singularly

good one, and should make clear the point that when it is said that the disciple must make himself such by the force of his own unaided desire, it does not contravene the fact that it is only through the Master's grace that we rise or move at all.

Desire! On every page of *Light on the Path* it is revealed as the secret of discipleship. Every rule deals with it, showing us how to loose it from its entanglements in the hopes and fears of self, and to set its mighty power free to draw us to what is greater than the self. Life is so rich and deep, each atom so truly images the whole, that every step of our way is itself heaven and itself hell. Clinging to the one and dreading the other, we fear to move. Desire runs athwart our course, and not along it. We are held in the vibration of pleasure and of pain. For to move forward means to surrender heaven and to enter hell. And when life itself forces this upon us, and we hear the gates of hell clang shut behind us, we turn and beat upon them with our futile fists, and fall, and weep, and are held fast in hell by our very unwillingness to surrender the heaven we have lost. The door, once closed, will never again open. "It is useless to pause and weep for a scene in a kaleidoscope which has passed." Our way lies forward. Tonight will not lead to yesterday, but to tomorrow. No man can leave hell by the door through which he entered it, but only by traversing its full length and depth, till he reaches at its further end that sudden opening on the mount of purgatory, and sees above and before him the stars of a new heaven and the verdure of a new earth.

We talk much of the law of correspondences, and of cyclic progression. We say, "As above, so below"; and that all things move in cycles, summer and winter, day and night, life and death and birth again. But we are singularly slow to apply it to ourselves and to each step that we must take upon our path; to see its truth in little, as we are compelled to see it in big. In our own thought, for our own lives, we would have it always summer, always day; pleasure always, never pain. Like valetudinarians, men move here and there, and up and down the earth, seeking only the climate suited to their weakness; dropping their pursuits and scurrying off at the first hint of inclement weather; bitterly reproachful of their "luck," or lack of judgment, when, despite all their efforts, ills descend upon them. They have forgotten, if they ever knew, what it means to live. And we are as they, when we set ease and comfort and security for our goal; and strive to cling to every pleasure, shuddering away from every pain. There is no way to the resurrection save that which leads through Calvary. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal."

At every step of the way we must die and be reborn. It is the law of life. Each day, each moment, is a cycle in itself, and must be lived in its entirety by the disciple who would learn in years the lessons of life-

times. In everything we must be prepared to sacrifice what it has for us: pleasure, comfort, love or truth. Yes, the very things which make it dear to us and for which we sought it with toil and pain. One by one, each heaven that we reach must be surrendered. How else can we advance? How else can we grow strong to make the last and supreme sacrifice of "the Dharmakaya robe," and not "cross to the other shore," a "Pratyeka Buddha"? We must keep our eyes fixed steadfastly on the shadow of the cross; see and seek it always. Lengthening as we move forward, it points our way to the agony of Gethsemane and the utter desolation of Golgotha, for there only can come the dawn of resurrection. We cannot face these great sacrifices in advance. We have not the requisite power of imagination. Nor is it meant that we should attempt to do so. We shall not come to them as we are now. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and it will be with tomorrow's strength that we shall come to tomorrow's trials. But we can face those which front us here and now; and face them, too, in the full knowledge that we must gain from them that which we shall need for what lies ahead. We can do the little, looking forward to the great; and, taking ourselves steadily in hand, gain the courage to claim the peace of battle—the self-giving that does not turn from wounds or death.

We shall not find this peace by seeking the immunity from loss and pain which indifference seems to offer. It is a false detachment, to which only cowardice prompts, when we think, "I will not have a dog, because I shall suffer when he dies; I will not surround myself with things I care for, because they will only be broken or defaced, and give me pain; I will not permit myself to love, or to enjoy, or to desire anything at all save the fulfilment of my one purpose to attain." Shut off thus from joy and pain alike, we should be shut off from life itself; and the purpose to attain, thus centred and confined to self, would either be strangled and die, or else, driving more and more fiercely in, would press every instinct back upon that centre of selfishness, till it made us demons—neither men nor gods.

Nor will life admit us, merely as willing victims, to the halls of reality. The laws of discipleship are both too merciful and too stern. Passive acceptance will not suffice. There is no power that wishes to lead us like lambs to the slaughter, even if we should persuade ourselves that we are willing to be so led. Our desire must be wholly positive. We must so energize our muscles, oxidize our blood, as not only to be able to withstand the arctic climate of the real, but so as to crave and seek it. "The Lord thy God is a jealous God," and if we would draw near to him, we must prefer the rude blows and buffeting of the law to any caress from any other hand.

And so we come back to the one great essential that alone makes discipleship intelligible or possible—desire. There must flame within our hearts a desire so intense that neither pleasure nor pain can quench or dim it. Pleasure and pain, heaven and hell, are real; and our way

lies through each in turn with ever deepening intensity. Yet they must be for us as nothing, forgotten, ignored,—the whole nature given to something else, so loved, so valuable in and for itself, that what it may bring or mean to us matters nothing. All things of flesh or spirit are but lamps along our way. We draw near only to recede again. We enter the light, but we never touch the flame. Beyond it, stretching out into the dark, our road still runs to a distant goal; and there is that in us which impels us forward, careless of all else.

Will it seem strange, I wonder, to those who live under the tyranny of pleasure and pain, to be told that as yet they have known neither? They have never faced either fairly, but only seen each from the view point of the other; knowing pleasure as surcease from pain; pain as the denial of pleasure or the absence of ease. That is why they usually appreciate their blessings only after they have lost them. Only he who is not swerved by joy or suffering, who, careless of their presence, cleaves his way through the heart of each alike,—knows them for what they are, and takes from each the gift of strength and life it holds.

Dear Friend, may you and I be strong now to take that gift of strength. No more, in this life, may we have the comradeship of him, whom of all men,—save only the Master,—I loved most. The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away. But as he takes, he gives. The pain, the loss, the loneliness; the desolate nights and days; the memories of happiness shared that can no more be shared; and those other memories, once dark with self, lit now with understanding that has come too late,—all are the Master's gifts, our talents which we may not bury in misery but must make yield gain to all.

Men deem that religion must be soft and sweet and beautiful, in their own conception of beauty; a mere lovely thing on which to rest. We know that it is not; but stern and hard and compelling, demanding all and more than all we have of life and strength. But here in the light of death, in the clear, white light of the eternal that streams through the rent he has left, we know that nothing else can ever satisfy our heart's desire. We have not him. But in the pain of his loss the Master offers us, anew, the power to grow in that unswerving fidelity and indomitable courage that were his.

Oh, my Friend, help me, and all mankind, to learn to smile, as he smiled, in the midst of pain.

JOHN GERARD.

WHO ARE THESE IN ROBES OF WHITE?

IT is well that the Powers have endowed all creatures young and small with some of that quality which the world—taking a philological liberty—has labelled "cunning," in the sense of funny and endearing. The analogies between things spiritual and things material are so inevitable and fit so closely (as above, so below), that we (I speak as one of the smallest of beginners) may let ourselves hope that here we have a striking one. Small animals do not know how funny they are, or how much immunity they owe to the fact; indeed as soon as they begin to find out, they cease to be either funny or immune, but one would like to think that one presents to one's spiritual elders an aspect of appealing babyhood, in which stupidities and lapses have about them something of the charm of small animals learning to co-ordinate. Do we not often get a hint of something like this in their kind eyes? We may be very sure that those who work with the Masters for the souls of beginners need in large measure their attributes of patience and humour—so important are we with our little pursuits, so solemn as we toddle about doing "works," so positive that we are equal to any stunt—till presently there is a pink romper on its face, or a blue romper on its back, and then oh! the bawls! Happy are we that "they" stand ready to pick us up and dust us down and start us off again. Unfortunately for charm, but well for growth, the romper stage is very fleeting, to be succeeded by other and less intriguing phases, for, alas for our analogy, the snaggle-toothed period is equally inevitable, and happy is he, and much to be congratulated his guides, who escapes that worst of all—an omniscient adolescence.

Let it be conceded that the pursuit of holiness is a difficult business at every stage; that it takes, from start to finish, all we have of love and courage, and all the help we can get. The initial plunge sometimes *seems* easy. Some great seventh wave of emotion may pick us up and sweep us on to within sight of the deeper reaches (by grace of our Angel); but it is not the province of waves of emotion to sweep us all the way; we must learn to swim, and swimming has rules which must be observed. It is then that we turn gasping to our guides—not only to the unseen guides—but to those human ones who breast the waves with us, who are fitted to help us both by precept and example, by reason of their own hard-won knowledge; who say to us "hold your head so," "don't be frightened," "strike out like this." Precept is good, very good, and we need lots of it. There are sermons not only in stones, but even in sermons for those who have ears to hear, and by reason of the ever present spiritual analogies we can preach silent sermons to ourselves all day long.

But what of example? It is a harder thing to come by. Words cannot express its value. If new-born strugglers toward holiness were asked what (humanly speaking) they most needed for their help, they would surely say "the saints." "Give us," they would cry, "your human hands, let us hear your human voices, afford us your faithful and practical demonstration that this terrific thing can be done." Yes, the Light that lightens the world shines back to us through those who press closest to the Master,—we do well to watch and imitate these *âmes bien nées* who tread firmly where we falter.

This idea of example, of "following" (the Revised and Douai versions often translate it "imitate"), permeates all scriptures, not only our own Bible but also those other Testaments which a study of Theosophy opens up to us. Krishna says to Arjuna: "The wise, who know the truth, will point the way of wisdom to thee"; "Let the wise man lead them in all works, engaging in them in union with the Soul"; while to one who, striving, yet falls short of full attainment, the superb incentive is offered that "he is reborn in the house of pure and holy folk," or even "in a family of seekers for union,"—after which there ought to be no excuse for him. When we turn to that Master who made himself human for our guidance; who, sinless, made the supreme sacrifice of being "tempted in all things like as we are" (Ah! what mysterious, what significant bridging of the gulf!), we find always that same note of example, of guidance, "follow me"; "I have given you an example"; "If any man will learn of me, let him take up his cross and follow me." He came avowedly to tread the path with us, to fasten us to himself while we make the awful Alpine Passes of the soul.

The adventure of the soul when it turns back to God has been likened to a battle, to a school, to a voyage, to a gymnasium,—it may also be compared to a passage through one of those old-fashioned garden labyrinths in which we lost ourselves in childhood. (A visit to the Dictionary at this point discloses the thrilling fact that these mazes or labyrinths had, in ancient times, a spiritual significance, so it really isn't half a bad metaphor.) These differ in detail and complexity, but their principle is always the same,—many winding paths designed to lure and bewilder, blind alleys all, ending in cul-de-sacs, save one only—that one which leads into the center of refuge. In garden mazes this center is called "home" (darling word), and there we find the pleasance which is the end of wandering, with shade trees and flowers, and seats for resting, but, best of all, we find those who turned from our vision and reached home before us—"those peerless friends who left us lonely," wait there and take their laughing ease—ah, "what knitting severed friendships up" in this toy *devachan,* this playtime sanctuary, when one is little and tired!

Will the simile bear a little more weight? These labyrinths are quite wonderful testers of character. The innumerable little paths *look* so right, offering to the unwary such quick and easy ways in to the center. Then the right of choice is of the very essence of the game—"I love to

choose and see my path." The ways are crowded with a multitude who run without plan or theory, crying "lo here," and "lo there," and it is human instinct to run with the crowd. There is much sorrowful experience before we learn that the faster we run and the less we think the further we are from our goal; that the quickest way round is often the longest way home, and that there is no such thing as a short life and a merry one. The headstrong, cocksure people who rush forward spurning help, are perhaps the last to arrive; the timid, hesitating ones who follow every pointing finger do little better; while those who give it up and sit down under the hedge to play games never get there at all, but must begin all over again at the beginning. In labyrinths, as in life, getting lost is a terrible waste of time. Novices do well to watch those steady ones who march on, undisturbed by clamour, because they have taken the trouble to study the plan of the maze.

Through a labyrinth do we, children of a larger growth, make our spiritual journey, led by guides both visible and invisible—those Great Ones who have overcome, and those others who, with bleeding feet and happy eyes, keep step with us.

Sometimes one of these erect and smiling ones turns the last corner and passes out of sight, and the labyrinth grows dark around us.

The other day we stood to watch this happen. He was our friend. He was a "friend of God." A very perfect knight, who stood "four-square to the tumult," whose glance and aspect told of victories won and certainties gained,—was a prophecy of those perfections which are yet to be; who held himself for service, and whom beginners watched with grateful love. Blessed are they who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and blessed are we, for their works do follow them.

Ah, dear Saints of God! hold high and steady the light; take your steps with delicate precision; turn the corners gaily,—there are little staggering ones behind you who follow you with imitative gestures; they give thanks for you to your Master and theirs, and they pray forever "Make *us* to be numbered with Thy Saints in glory everlasting."

L. S.

MR. GRISCOM'S ELEMENTARY ARTICLES

A Reminiscence and an Echo

WHAT a host of happy memories surround those pages! For here Mr. Griscom brought us the treasures of the spiritual world, taught us how to use them, and how to make them our own. And now we are glad that we tried sometimes to tell him that we were grateful.

Today, if you were asked what discipleship means, perhaps you would say that it means being alive and knowing it; and that, excepting disciples, all men live and die in a dream. How short a time it is since you and I thought of discipleship as an ogre, a monster that threatened to strip life bare of its realities and leave it tasteless. We know how real that dark foreboding seemed, and how our world tottered about us. And do we not remember what Mr. Griscom and his discipleship were to us then?—a firm rock in the sunshine.

We shall study again and again that teaching which he began in the January, 1914, Quarterly, entering little by little into the deeper currents of life to which he invited us. It is the work of a great teacher, who gave instruction by what he was, even more than by what he said. And he cared so much that we should succeed. One day we may know how keenly he continues to care about us, but until then, surely there is our own sense of generosity and loyalty to be reckoned with, and our affection which reaches out to him.

Throughout these articles, there is such a wealth of material. He does not say in so many words, that occultism is a search for hidden treasure. He just offers you the treasure which he has found. Very little is said about following clues, but he is always leaving them lying about to be picked up and followed, and it pleased him if any one of us followed up a clue and refused to be distracted by unrelated incidents.

Nothing is made clearer than that the mind should always be aimed directly at an object and held there. Then the thousand and one thoughts which pour through the mind are discarded unless related to that object. This bond of relation between things is what may be called a clue. By way of illustration, or rather as a horrible example of what the mind should never be permitted to do, let us take some familiar quotation as a point of departure, leaving the mind free at first to follow a line of its

own choosing. There is that wonderful sentence which Mr. Johnston translated for us from the "Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad":

> "The small old path that stretches far away
> has been found and followed by me."

If that were all, just for its sheer beauty I would like to stop and read it again. One would wish to say it over silently, under the breath of the heart, for something tells us that the high gods are speaking. They are such little words, chaste as naked sword blades; such a stillness enfolds them as they thunder out the sure joy of battle. It is the Warrior who speaks and has passed on, but his step echoes within us familiarly.

Perhaps there is a clue. What was I thinking that registered in my mind as the words, "joy of battle,—the Warrior speaks"? Of what is this passage reminding me? I have it: "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." My mind interrupts, saying that no one would call me a man of violence. Hush, you silly mind, and go to work! What does "the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence" suggest? Why, that other statement, "The Kingdom of God is within you." This looks as if we had reached treasure. Now we may turn to that silly remark of the mind, and try to discover its reason for wishing to throw us off the trail.

I am not a violent person, says my mind. Well, I must be some kind of a person; what are the different kinds of persons? There are good people, says the mind, and bad people, and—. Nonsense, Mr. Mind! Do please try to be intelligent. Oh, well! there is a place in the *Bhagavad Gita* where all people are grouped into four natural classes, as servants, farmers or traders, warriors, and knowers; but I don't see,— Never mind what you don't see! Please look up the *Gita* passage about warriors; what does it say? It says, "Heroism, fire, firmness, skill and refusal to flee in battle, giving of gifts, governing, are the works of Kshatriya, according to his nature." What splendid qualities! Every one of them calls to the very best in us for expression. If we could only get desire enough we would begin living every one of these qualities to-morrow. Was it not Mr. Judge who said that the real self is all of the things in us which we really like? Perhaps I am a warrior, after all.

What says the *Gita* about knowers? "Peace, control, penance, purity, patience, also rectitude, wisdom, knowledge, affirmative faith, are the Brahman's work, according to his nature." Of course these are the great ideals towards which we are striving; but I would think of them more as the potential rather than the actual characteristics of our real selves. This is an interesting situation; the warrior qualities we admire and understand, and share in part; while the qualities of the knower are those which we have been trying to practise that we might gain some

understanding of what they really are. Our clue is apparently justified, so let us go back and put our material in more orderly sequence.

I, the soul, am a warrior.
I have found the small old path that stretches far away;
This path has led me to the spiritual world;
The nearest entrance is through my own nature;
Violence alone will give entrance;
I, the warrior, must do violence to a part of my own nature;
It is the part opposed to peace, control, penance, purity;
Through violence, fire, firmness, and skill, I can govern it;
The Warrior of the Cross has shown the way;
I will do violence to my lower nature, and follow Him.

The clue has led along a well-known path, but we must not leave it with a statement that this way of violence is the only way to gain entrance to the spiritual world,—there is the way of ritual, of works, of contemplation, of devoted love,—it is for the warrior soul that this is just the only way.

We know that the conclusion reached as the result of our journey is a right conclusion, and yet, we must test it, as Mr. Griscom taught us to test mental results, doing it always, for the sake of cultivating the habit. Does this result mean anything? Is it common-sense? Does it seem like the things which you know to be true? Does it demand immediate action of some sort? Would the action imply obedience to authority?

ALAN DOUGLAS.

Of nothing may we be more sure than this—that, if we cannot sanctify our present lot, we could sanctify no other. Our Heaven and our Almighty Father are there, or nowhere. The obstructions of that lot are given for us to heave away by the concurrent touch of a holy spirit and labour of a strenuous will; its mysteries are for our worship; its sorrows for our trust; its perils for our courage; its temptations for our faith.—MARTINEAU.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE

Part III

Section II (*Continued*)

LORD ACTON, writing of the German historian Ranke whom he admires for having "written a larger number of mostly excellent books than any man that ever lived,"—speaks thus of his historic method.[1] "He seldom probes to the bottom the problems of public life and the characters of men, and passes dryshod over much that is in dispute. As he writes history, not biography, he abstains from the secrets of private life; and as he writes history, not dogma, he never sorts men into black and white according to their bearing in vital controversies. His evil-doers escape the just rigour of the law, and he avoids hero-worship as the last ditch of prehistoric prejudice. He touches lightly on matters pertaining to the jurist and divine, but he has not their exclusiveness. His surface is more level than theirs, but his horizon is wider. The cup is not drained; part of the story is left untold; and the world is much better and very much worse than he chooses to say."

Ranke, as the *Encyclopedia Britannica* says, is "generally considered the first of modern historians." He not merely wrote history himself, but in the capital university itself he taught and trained the rising generations of German scholars for fifty years. He is therefore responsible for much.

But analyse for a moment the praise which Lord Acton bestows. If his summary of Ranke be correct,—and I think that it is—would such history have the insight, the completeness of vision necessary for an adequate and balanced presentation of all the multitudinous affairs of men? Does a man who "writes history, not biography," who "never sorts men into black and white," whose "evil-doers escape the just rigour of the law,"—does such a man write of human life as it is, or in any real way reproduce the events which, after all, follow the workings of the human heart? No wonder the histories of Ranke, of Seeley and Von Sybel, his able pupils, and of a host of highly considered followers, in no way prepared the world for 1914, with its subsequent revelation of German depravity. Ranke's method of conceiving history, and his carefully tempered descriptions of historic Germany, result in a *mirage*. Even his popes and their times are not the men who sinned and lied, who ate and drank, who prayed and fasted, who lived and then died. His Germany never existed; though all the facts he includes are accurately recounted. He is incomplete. To all intents and purposes he white-washes Germany; he demonstrates how German sentimentality and cowardice cannot, or

[1] *Historical Essays and Studies*, "German Schools of History," pp. 352, 353, and 355. Ranke wrote upwards of sixty volumes on manifold historic subjects, and is considered to-day by many, the supreme German historian.

will not, see facts. Better Carlyle's "History is the essence of innumerable biographies," with all its limitations and excesses, than Ranke's ostrich-like oblivion to all those moments in personal, political, and national biography, when real forces, good or bad, are at play.

Lord Acton goes even further: "Although Ranke practises moderation and restraint, and speaks of transactions and occurrences when it would be safe to speak of turpitude and crime, he kept himself above the indifference and the incapable neutrality of those who held, with Gerard Hamilton, that there are few questions on which one may not vote conscientiously either way." It is a modern fallacy that the historian must suspend judgment, that he must choose a careful middle path. Being unable to present *all* the facts, he must choose, we are told, not those at either extreme, because extremes are outside the normal and it is the normal that reveals the real trend of events,—but the well-recognized, the familiar, the indisputable. "Turpitude and crime" exist, but are abnormal, and must be disregarded.

Thus runs the argument, and it is a German argument. Ranke is perhaps its ablest exponent. It was especially convenient as a theory when applied to native history. German history is largely "turpitude and crime." Every German knew it, and he had to find a way out. That way out, lay in disregarding "extremes." It avoids the revelation of the preponderant baseness of Germany, and the idealistic and spiritual aspirations—at the other extreme—of, let us say, France. It cleared the ground for the great "patriotic" effort of German "scholarship." It deceived a great many people.

Today the appeal is being made to history as the one science which can solve for us the problems of world readjustment. The history of oppressed peoples is being invoked; Alsace and Lorraine, Poland, Bohemia, Jugo-Slavia, the Dodecanesos, and others, are all appealing for justice on historic grounds. Very well, let history be the standard. But remember what Bishop Stubbs said, that history is likely to make men wise, but it is sure to make them sad. We cannot appeal to a history carefully guarded from brutal facts, or studiously preserved in the ways of at least relative innocence, and still call it history.

Fustel de Coulanges said that history was the most arduous of sciences. It is hard to get at facts. It is harder still to form a safe judgment. But history is worthless without both. And at this point it is well to say that any reading of German history at first hand, makes for sadness—and worse. The laudatory, Pan-German versions of history are already becoming universally discredited, thanks to the War. The middle school—such as Ranke and his followers—of German historians, who omit all high lights and gloss all that is unfortunate and low, are a patent failure because they in no wise explain the inescapable fact of what Germany *is*. So one conclusion only is left, namely, that a discerning history of Germany, which concludes in the almost wholly evil Germany of today, tracing effect to its cause,—such a history must deal with the

facts of German evolution, and of the German nature, with unreserved completeness, and in its unvarnished baseness.

In the preceding sections the facts about the ancient German forefathers have been ranged against such flowery statements as those of Bernhardi—"Since they were first heard of in history, they have proved themselves to be a nation practising the highest form of civilization, indeed they are *par excellence* the civilized people." The picture given of German savagery and barbarity was softened by the barest reference to their possible virtues. Loyalty and hospitality are the two most highly prized by German writers—along with courage and a certain noble grandeur of nature.[2] How people famed for treachery, faithlessness, and mendacity can in the same breath be called loyal—even though "thanes" did give their lives to defend their lords—is a question. Also, where a people given over to drunkenness and heavy eating are noted for hospitality, the motive of their virtue may be at least suspected. Physical courage and daring they had; of moral courage there is but rare evidence.

The essential point to bear in mind, however, is, first, that the earliest generations of Germans known to history were savages, with the same peculiarly disgusting and ferocious hall-marks which they possess in such measureless abundance today. The second point is that their natures have never changed, though century upon century has gone by; and that, therefore, practically all current and popular German history—written by men no matter how learned and scientific—has tried to make the best of Germany's record, and has refused to see all the facts. Pan-German rhapsodies are only a more thoroughly evolved and consistent extension of the conservative aims of the so-called moderates.

German history is the history of a bad people. It is one long succession of debauch, of crime, of bloodshed. Where not actually repulsive, it is owing to an imitation of foreign ideals,—a sentimental adherence to the sumptuous or luxurious, an ape-like ability to learn the lessons of life, culture, and progress which were the inheritance of the so-called Latin and Celtic peoples. We should never forget in this connection Waitz's admission that, "The German race would never of its own qualities, and without an exterior impulsion, and a rupture with its own traditions, have arrived at a superior development."[3]

Fustel de Coulanges, in a review of Zeller's first volume, already quoted, gives the following admirable summary of German evolution at the time of Charlemagne.

"Christianity came to her [i. e. Germany] from without, implanted by the puissant sword of Charlemagne; from without came those who taught her to build villages; from without were brought to her those laws which were something else than vague customs, a sense of justice

[2] Cf. Waitz, *Deutsche Verfassungsgeschichte*, I, p. 51, and note, ff; and William Archer's *Gems, passim.*

[3] *Deutsche Verfassungsgeschichte*, III. Quoted by Zeller, vol. I, p. X, of *Histoire d'Allemagne.*

which was something more than private warfare and *weregeld,* a liberty which was something else than turbulence. She received chivalry from without; from without civil liberty; from without the idea of an empire; from without letters and sciences; from without universities, copies of our ancient Parisian school; from without Gothic art, an imitation of the French cathedrals; from without religious toleration, taught by France to the catholics and by Holland to the protestants. . . . From Cæsar and Tacitus to Charlemagne, that is to say during eight centuries, Germany has given the spectacle—rare enough in all history—of a country absolutely stationary, always barbarous, always the enemy of the civilization which flourished right beside it. To civilize her, it was necessary to use force; the warriors of Charlemagne had to march twenty times from the banks of the Rhine, of the Seine, of the Loire, to protect in Germany the missionaries and the builders of cities. Germany did not *make* progress; she received it, she submitted to it." [4]

German progress begins with the German reception—at the point of the sword,—of the culture of other races. The early migrations of southern conquest counted for nothing in the civilizing of Germany until, with the statesmanship and aggressive defence of Charlemagne, return currents set in. Germany as a place and as an entity, did not commence at all until after the break-up of Charlemagne's northern and eastern conquests. German Empire-visions and intervention in Italy delayed both her own and Italy's progress just in so far as Germany maintained her own corrupt feudal practices, her civil strife, and her debased manners. Italy for her part gave Germany what little humanizing tendencies she received during the earlier Middle Ages, and until she was bitten with admiration for her still closer neighbour, France.

The greatest single civilizing factor in Germany has been Christianity and the Church. With all the limitations of the Church in the Middle Ages, it did much for Germany. It certainly raised and bettered individual Germans, if it failed to "save" Germany. Heinrich Heine, a Jew, had clearer vision on this point than have his Teutonic fellow-countrymen. He wrote: "It is the fairest merit of Christianity that it somewhat mitigated that brutal German *gaudium certaminis* or joy in battle, but it could not destroy it. And should that subduing talisman, the Cross, break, then will come crashing and roaring forth the wild madness of the old champions, the insane Berserker rage, of which Northern poets say and sing. That talisman is brittle, and the day will come when it will pitifully break. The old stone gods will rise from long-forgotten ruin, and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes, and Thor, leaping to life with his giant hammer, will crush the Gothic cathedrals." [5] In the light of this War, Heine's prophecy is indeed significant.

[4] "L'Histoire en France et en Allemagne" (1872), reprinted in *Questions Historiques,* 1893, pp. 14 and 15.

[5] *The Works of Heinrich Heine,* trans. by Chas. G. Leland (Hans Breitmann). Vol. V—*Germany,* Vol. I, pp. 207-208.

Germany's reception of Christianity, its use of it, its ultimate rebellion from all authority in religion, and the setting up of individual self-assertion in matters religious with exactly the same egotism as in matters political or in social relations—all these are characteristics eminently German.

For example, take the early forms of Christianity in Germany. They were based wholly on their own forms of savage fetishism or mythology. There is a tendency today to regard pagan gods, and more especially pagan beliefs about their gods, as products of the imagination, with no real existence. But the gods of old were very real, concrete personalities to the men and women of that age, and also for the priests—who later themselves converted the people to Christianity. Our Bible, even, nowhere *denies* the existence of pagan gods; they are simply characterized as false gods. They were looked upon as inferior in power and kind, continually striving to regain their position, and therefore to be dealt with warily. They were not allegories, not mere evil tendencies in mankind, but powerful external forces, fighting for mastery. Early German poems, like the *Niebelungenlied,* are full of this.

With the introduction of Christianity, there was practically no change. At first the German gods were not even degraded to the place of satanic spirits. The same priests worshipped Christ and sacrificed to Wotan and Thor, in the same Churches and on the same day. Christian saints gradually replaced heathen gods. The sign of the Cross, baptism, all the new Christian ceremonial were readily accepted as so many new and efficacious spells.

German Christianity for centuries was only another form of polytheism, superstitious to a degree, in which bishops and priests maintained their authority through the unscrupulous use of supposed magical powers far rather than as the representatives of a more spiritual religion, or of a higher and more refined civilization. As Ernst Richard, a native German, and lecturer at Columbia University on the History of German Civilization for the eleven years before the War, says: "Indeed, the crucified teacher of suffering and humility made small sympathetic appeal to the Germans, to whom assertion of one's self is the essence of life to an extent which was probably far beyond the imagination of the Oriental founders of Christianity; a self-assertion in which is to be sought the psychological foundation of the separation of Germanic Christianity from Rome." [6]

Richard further quotes a sixth century hymn to St. Medardus, ascribed to Chilperic I, Merovingian king of Soissons and Paris. In this hymn, this most Christian [*sic*] German king prays for "power and personal assertion," and deprecates the "false humility which takes the food from one who eats and the sweetness from the brave." [7]

Take as a still more convincing example the "oldest continental Ger-

[6] *History of German Civilization,* p. 88. Richard is supposed to be praising in this passage! He was principal of a Hoboken high school, was educated at Marburg and Bonn, and has a New York University Ph.D.

[7] *Loc. cit.*

man epic" preserved intact,—the *Heliand,* written about 822 by a Saxon monk of Werden. It is, as the sub-title reads "The Song of the Life of Jesus." Christ is spoken of constantly as mighty, "mahtig" (e. g. 11. 2492, 7034); his disciples are "iungron" (1, 2500, etc.) lusty youths, his "thanes," "triuuistun" (11. 2498, 7031, 7983). He dwells with evident relish on such passages as the following. . . . Peter, "snell suerdthegan,"—der schnelle schwertdegen,—the quick sword-thane or swift warrior, "became enraged; his wrath welled up so that he could not speak, so afflicted was he in his heart that they wanted to bind his Lord. Then fiercely he went, that very bold thane [thegan], and stood before his liege-lord [thiegan]. Not irresolute was his heart, nor was bashfulness in his breast. But at once he drew his sword from his side, and smote the foremost of his foes with mighty force, so that Malchus was reddened with the sword's edge on the right side,—his ear was hewn off, the side of his head gashed, his cheek was deep-cut, cheek and ear were split to the bare-bone;—blood leaped forth, welling from the wound. There were slashed and jagged cheeks on the foremost of the enemies! And the people drew back, fearing the hatchet's bite." [8]

We see both cheeks finally provided for, perhaps to avoid the necessity of turning a second! In passing, let us note that an almost contemporary poem by a *Lorraine* poet, Otfried of Wissembourg, breathes a very different spirit, in marked contrast to the Germanized Gospels as rendered above. We shall refer to this later.

One more poem which reveals the success of German Christianity, before turning to the acts of most Christian German knights, as they appear in their own chronicles, or as described by their French contemporaries. Walter von der Wogelweide, a representative minnesinger, whose life included the reigns of Henry VI to Frederick II (1186-1230) wrote *Gedichte,* lyrics, after the manner of the French trouvére. With a poet's more sensitive nature, he suffered because of the chronic disorders and desolation of Germany, and therefore his patriotic plaints carry especial weight as a living testimony from one capable of understanding, and immediately affected. He says, speaking of the need that honour and worldly wealth have of God's grace:

"Alas that this could not be;
Riches and worldly honour
And God's grace
Come together no more in one single heart.
Paths and highways are taken from them,
Faithlessness is in the saddle,
Violence is abroad on the highways:
Peace and righteousness are sorely wounded.
Unless the three can go together, the two will never be sound." [9]

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[8] *Heliand,* text of Dr. J. R. Köne, 1855; 11. 9730 to 9763; pp. 264, 265.

[9] K. Lachmann, *Die Gedichte von Walters von der Vogelweide.* "Ich saz ûf eine steine," I. 8^3 to 8^{27}; pp. 9-10. *Cf.* Nickol, Eigenbrot, etc.

From another poem:

"No life is without hate:
Wild animals and creeping things,
And even the birds in the same way
Fight violent contests
Whenever they have the wish . . .
Alas for thee, German land,
What a state of wild disorder is thine!"

And again:

"Alas how much of honour has departed from German lands!
Knowledge and manliness, when they can acquire silver and gold,
Keep it to their shame . . ." [10]

These passages give contemporary evidence of the desolation and misery which German characteristics made inevitable in the early Middle Age period. It is as true of all periods of German history. They all but destroyed Rome. They ravaged France. They despoiled Italy and kept it in a state of ferment and disunion for centuries. They made barren wildernesses of the Baltic provinces, of Bohemia, of Poland, of Austria, and of every corner of their own land. And they kept on doing it.

Let us now turn to the methods of warfare of German so-called knights. Henderson says in his *History of Germany in the Middle Ages,* "The Teutonic Order proved in the end the most successful of all civilizing and Germanizing agents." [11]

Note well. Over the page he concludes his sketch of the conquest by these Saxon and Bavarian knights of what is now Prussia,—then a "once flourishing land" [12] belonging to a mixed Baltic and Slavic population,—with these words ". . . in the end they themselves [i. e. the poor Germanized and kulturized natives] were all killed, enslaved, or driven away." Henderson is too German to know what he has said! If to civilize be to kill, enslave, drive away—so be it.

An examination of the sources bears out every word of Henderson's last sentence. We refer the reader to the whole of volume one of *Scriptores Rerum Prussicarum,* edited by the learned and dispassionate doctors Hirsch, Töppen, and Strehlke. The opening chronicle, by one Peter von Düsburg (Petri de Dusburg) will be quite sufficient. Dr. Töppen calls it "the most important monument of earliest Prussian history." [13] If it be, Germans should try to suppress it. Without any exception it is the most horrible, blasphemous, savage, blood-stained, nauseating chronicle in all the pages of European history. Absolutely every page reeks with blood, slaughter, conflagration, treachery, demoniac cruelty. There are

[10] *Op. cit.* 13[5], p. 15. *Cf.* Nickol, "Owê, ez kumt ein wind."
[11] p. 415, ed. 1894.
[12] *Short History of Germany,* vol. II, p. 11.
[13] p. 9.

over two hundred quarto pages; and the detestable chronicler himself, old Peter, when he reaches page 135, says under the heading "Concerning the desolation of the Scalowic land"—"Many other wars were carried on by the Brothers against the Scalowites, *which it is tedious to write about.*" No wonder. After giving five lines to the war, he says of the community, "It was even subjected to the Christian faith. And thus that land *was without an inhabitant many years.*" [14] We recall Henderson's dictum.

The reader is warned that what follows is not pleasant reading. Natives, and Saxon and Bavarian *knights* alike (not Prussians at all as yet, as they are sometimes miscalled) reveal a depth of moral turpitude hard to exceed. But the Germans were one degree the worse, because they claimed to be civilized, they claimed to be Christian, they posed as holy and did all in the name of Christ. Literally every page of this work contains some horror. The fourth paragraph begins the tale;—*De desolacione terre Galindie.* Glancing down we read that "the most illustrious and Christian prince" reversed Pharaoh's famous edict, in that "whoever was born of female sex was to be killed, and all males were to be preserved for war. But since this edict accomplished nothing, seeing that the fastidious women kept their children secretly, therefore by common council and consent, in order to remove all material for nourishing the children, they cut off the breasts of all the women." [15] Passing over average accounts of murder, rapine, and debauch, we read, "They slaughtered four thousand of the people inhabiting those parts, to the praise and glory of God." [16] On the next page all the enemy in an engagement were killed, "one hundred fifty women they bound captives, with children." On the next page nine hundred Pomeranians are killed, "many burned to death, many women and children were captured, together with much booty." Six hundred are accounted for on the next page. And so on. Again the Germans learned that "in all the army of the infidels there were no arms nor anything else with which they might defend themselves," therefore "they rushed upon them and killed them all without any defense." Note the chivalry again. The usual close to such exploits against these "enemies of all mankind," as the pious Peter calls the natives, is—"After which victories, the brothers gave thanks to God, and returned home exulting in much booty of the enemy." [17] Peter develops a stereotyped formula after considerable repetition. Thus Brother Fridericus of Holdenstadt "devastates [Sollau] with fire and rapine, killing and capturing many," per incendium et rapinam occisis et captis plurimis devastavit.[17a] After "castrum in cineres est conversum" [18] and "captis omnibus et occisis," [19] we find toward the end the significant

[14] "Sicque terra illa fuit sine habitatore multis annis." Par. 188, p. 135.
[15] p. 52.
[16] p. 69.
[17] p. 80.
[17a] p. 115.
[18] p. 128.
[19] p. 129.

addition, "captis omnibus et occisis et extunc terra Prussie quievit in pace" [20]—"they killed and captured all, and *from then on the land of Prussia rested in peace.*" No wonder again; for "and thus the vaunted Nadrowite country has remained to this present day desolate," [21] or again, "And thus that land was without any inhabitants many years." [22]

All the chronicles of this period are bloody, but these Germans could outdo any known race, genus, or kind of people. They added to their repertoire of beastliness on every occasion. Thus from the Slavs they learned—and therefore immediately and frequently practised—the following. The Germans as usual "omnes occiderunt" except the captain, one Pipin, whom they took prisoner. Him these most Christian knights led forth—"they cut open his bowels at the navel, and nailing his navel to a tree, they forced him to run around the tree, until his life was taken, and he was completely disemboweled." [23] This is from a chronicle almost as old as Peter's. who himself attributes the same ferocious act to the natives (p. 88). It did not take the Germans long to learn, nor to imitate.

Small wonder that a French chronicler, Odon of Deuil, writing in 1148, says that "The venerable bishop of Metz, his brother Renaud, count of Mousson, and the bishop of Toul, could not abide the Germans." [24] Louis VII's *Lorraine* Crusaders may not have been ideal knights, but they were better than Germans. And in 1147 they learned afresh to hate them. Which casual and natural remark of the chronicler speaks volumes against the German claim that Lorrainers are German heart and soul, and *always* have been.

The poet-chronicler Donizoni, in his *Vita Mathildis,* speaks candidly, and shows what was thought of them in c. 1114.

> "Now you celebrate your Easter with these liars of Germans,
> Who love Bacchus, and wanton in lasciviousness.
> You do not know how easily their tongues are given to quarrelling.
> When they are drunk, it is said that instead of preferring words,
> They bare their swords, and mutilate the bowels of their friends.
> They eat with the manners of wolves, they claim all the food for themselves.
> They know how to violate with fury their sanctuaries." [25]

This is no pleasant picture of the mediæval German people. But it is founded on fact, on the actual evidence at everybody's disposal; and such extracts as the above could quite easily be multiplied *ad nauseam.* Civilized men, with all their faults, give evidence of always having hated the Germans. They were not merely noted for barbarity and

[20] p. 130.
[21] p. 132.
[22] p. 135.
[23] *De prima Fundatione Monasterii Olivae,* p. 677.
[24] Alemanos non ferentes—Odonis de Dioglio *De Ludovici VII Itinere,* Lib. VII.—*Pat. Lat.* vol. 185², bottom of col. 1218.
[25] Liber II. Mon. Germ., S. S. XII; p. 390, lines 529-535.

cruelty, but for unsurpassed wantonness and the most flagrant immorality, beastliness, and depravity. The laxity and complete indifference of German husbands was a byword. Says Poggio Bracciolini of Florence—the famous humanist, himself well acquainted with turbulent passions and the corruption of Italian courts—"It is very astonishing to see with what simplicity they live; with what faith the husbands watch total strangers caress their wives, quite unmoved, not paying the least heed. No amour is so difficult that their customs do not make easy." And, he adds sarcastically, "Clearly they would fit admirably into Plato's republic, where everything is held in common." [26] The men and women by thousands frequent various baths, similar in kind to our own pleasure resorts; but the German watering places were a revelation to Poggio. At Baden, as at Saltzburg and other places, the license was indescribable. Men and women bathed together naked or draped in the flimsiest gossamer, slept, ate on floats, and danced together at casinos all through the warm months. He especially singles out religious, saying that "Vestal virgins," as he dubs these travesties of Christian nuns, "monks, abbots, brothers and priests"—"behave with greater license than the others, and casting away all religion, bathe with the women, like them, their hair adorned with silken ribbons." [27]

Poggio wrote in the early part of the 15th century. His distinguished contemporary, Pope Pius II—Aeneas Silvius De' Piccolomini, 1405 to 1464, has much to say of the Germans, among whom he lived many "weary" years. None of it is complimentary. With all his faults, crude and inexcusable as they were, Aeneas was naturally refined, his tastes were cultivated; he was dainty in his food and clean about his person. Having at least one bastard son himself, and writing love-stories which shock modern ears, he was yet offended by the brutal forms that vice took in Germany. Surely if any man would have been lenient in his judgments, Aeneas must have been. But while secretary to the Chancellor at Mainz he complains to the young Duke of Austria, Sigismund, "We are all squeezed together in the same abode; many as we are we eat and drink at the same table. Ants are not more crowded in their habitation than we are in our single hall." [28] In *De Liberorum Educatione* —concerning the education of children, he sizes up the Germans quite correctly when he writes that he believes it easier "for an Italian to drop into such German ways as gobbling at table, than for a German to acquire the finer manners of Italy." [29] German drunkenness, the coarseness of German manners, their arrogance, their entire lack of intellectual culture disgusts him, and this appears constantly in his letters and histories. He points out that the Bohemian barons had no other interests than

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[26] Poggii Florentini, *De Balneis Prope Thuregum Sitis Descriptio.* Text of Anthony Méray, Paris, 1876, p. 47. *Cf.* especially pp. 61, also 51, 55.

[27] p. 59.

[28] *Æn. Sil. Epist. ad Sigismund. Ducem Austriae,* December 5, 1443. *Cf. Æneas Silvius,* by William Boulting, p. 116.

[29] *Æneae Sylvii Piccolominei—Opera quae extant omnia,* ed. Basileæ, fol. 974.

hunting and fishing.[30] He tells us that Henricus, Count of Goriz, had two little sons "by a noble and virtuous Hungarian lady, his wife. When these two children had gone to their beds, as was their wont, he would often wake them up from deep sleep in the middle of the night, and ask them if they were not thirsty. If they remained silent (oppressed by their deep sleep) he forced them to drink wine. And they, murmuring, or vomiting the wine, he would turn on his wife, and shout, 'These brats are none of mine, strumpet; no sons of mine would sleep the whole night through without drinking." [31] At Vienna University, "The students," he writes, "give themselves up to pleasure, and are avid of food and drink. They prowl the streets at night and greatly molest the citizens. Their minds are wholly taken up with light women." [32] He tells of a Leipzig student, Leonardus Felsechius, a noble knight, "who was held in high honour by his fellows, for he had out-drunk one thousand and fifty of them, and so obtained the palm. . . . For there is a custom at the gatherings of the Saxons to give the place of honour to those who can swill the most; and they call the pastime a drinking match." [33]

Another first-hand witness to German manners and customs is one Bartholomew Sastrow. His *Autobiography* reminds us of Sidney Smith's *bon mot* about East Indians, "Manners they had none, customs were beastly." He was a hard-headed Pomeranian—which means German—notary and petty official, and his memoirs are invaluable material with which to reconstruct the social life of nearly the whole of the 16th century. There is no delicacy, no charm, no elevation of tone such as one finds in contemporary French or Italian or English writings. He writes at the age of nearly eighty, chiefly to "roast" his enemies, who scoffed at his marrying his house-maid at seventy-five. We transcribe a few scenes hap-hazard.

"According to the custom of the papists, my mother went at half-past twelve, especially during Lent, to recite a Pater Noster and an Ave Maria before each of the three altars of her ordinary church. She always took her little Bartholomäi with her. On one occasion I sat down on the steps of the first altar and began to relieve nature; when she passed on to the second, I followed her and continued the operation, which I finished on the third." [34] Sixty years have not diminished Sastrow's evident relish in this incident. Later on in life he describes his master, Herr von Loewenstein, a wealthy old soldier, who kept his own brewery. "Daily feasting, succulent cheer, washed down by copious libations—a numerous company always around him—his revenues enabled

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[30] *Epist. ad Johan. Campisium*, July, 1444—number 167, folio 737, *op. cit.* *Cf.* the *Historia Bohemica*, cap. ii, fol. 84.

[31] *Commentarius in Libros Antonii Panormitæ*, fol. 475.

[32] *Epist. ad Georg. Nicolai*, number 165, fol. 719.

[33] *Com. Ant. Panorm.*, fol. 475.

[34] *Social Germany in Luther's Time, Memoirs*, etc., trans. by Albert D. Vandam, p. 29.

him to lead that kind of expensive existence . . . in short, gaming, feasting and drinking took up all the time.[35]

"The commander had practically a concubine under his own roof. He chose her with an eye to beauty, dressed and adorned her according to his means. When he wished a little more freedom he married her to one of his equerries, gave her a home at Butzbach, and provided her against want. Butzbach being within a stone's throw of Niederweisel, he reserved to himself the option of seeing her when he liked. In my time, he lives with Marie Koenigstein—" and so forth. The latter was his god-daughter, whom he abducted at eighteen, and when her brothers found out it was too late, he bribed them off.

The chaplain had the prevailing zest for food. Indeed, in this memoir, Sastrow can remember exactly what he ate seventy, sixty, forty years ago. But the chaplain "To get to the chapel had to go through the servants' refectory just at breakfast time. He simply sat down, got hold of a spoon, and dipped it into soup. 'Master Johannes,' said we, 'you know it is forbidden to eat before mass?' 'Nonsense,' he replied; 'the Saviour gets through bolts and locks; the soup won't stop him.'" [36]

Another sidelight. "In fact, no week went by without a hanging. I was an eye-witness of the following——" [37] with details. Even in these daily public executions the Germans exceed all bounds in nastiness and brutality. Some Spanish black-mailers had been caught. "The work of the hangman began by strangulation. The patient (?) was placed on a wooden seat against the rail of the scaffold, his forehead tightly bound in case of convulsions, his arms bound behind his back, and fastened to the balustrade. The hangman, after having flung a rather short rope around his neck, slipped a thick stick down his nape, and began to twist it round in the manner they press bales of wares." When the wretch was strangled, he was mutilated in unspeakable ways, the body finally being cut into four quarters.[38] This was at Augsburg. German "ladies" appeared on all such occasions. Do not the atrocities in Belgium, Serbia, and France find a readier explanation in the light of such?

A. G.

(To be continued.)

[35] p. 131 ff.
[36] p. 135.
[37] p. 163 ff.
[38] pp. 221-222.

PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA

ELSEWHERE in the QUARTERLY the fact has been mentioned that in the last quarter of every century a special effort is made on the part of the unseen powers to combat the materialism of the world, and to infuse into the life of humanity a fresh spiritual impulse. The last quarter of the fifteenth century is an unusually interesting, because a particularly well-defined, manifestation of this cyclic law. At that time, the thought of the civilized world was still distinctly mediaeval. The universe,—sun, moon, and stars,—whirled about the earth as a centre. The earth, in spite of this important position in the scheme of things, was but a small affair, the New World being as yet unheard of. Scientific experiment and investigation, as we have them to-day, were unknown; for science, religion, philosophy, learning of every kind,—indeed, one might almost say existence itself,—were completely subject to the dictates of Rome. The Roman Church was practically an empire, independent of the civil power with which it was constantly measuring its strength, possessed of wealth, vast influence, and a mechanism which enabled it to reach every activity of the life of the people. Its domination over the thought of the time was easy of accomplishment, since the learned world and the ecclesiastical world were one; the ecclesiastics were practically the only persons concerned with intellectual pursuits, or, to put it another way, all who were interested in such matters became ecclesiastics. Latin was the language of learning; to the lower classes Latin was not known at all. The latter, then, were shut out completely from the intellectual life of the day, and the social order was, so to speak, a matter of water-tight compartments.

Equally set and fixed in its nature was the mental activity within the world of learning, for here scholasticism prevailed. Men tried to bring all things into conformity with a system of reasoning,—the system of Aristotle. Some few of the teachings of the Church might still be a matter of faith, but with these few exceptions, theology and philosophy had to meet the test of whether they could or could not be proved according to Aristotle's method. Practical experiment, observation, and research were sadly neglected, and men withdrew into their own minds, there to give themselves up to the pleasures of abstract reasoning. To go into any of the abstruse matters that occupied the Schoolmen would be quite beside the point in the present article; but a rather curious group of questions, taken from one of the later Scholastics, may be of interest, though indicative only in a minor way of the nature of their thinking. They ask, as points to be determined by argument, "Whether it can be proved by reason that there is only one God"; "Whether an angel can move locally"; "Whether one angel can converse with another"; "Whether an angel can

move in a vacuum"; "Whether it can be shown evidently that the intellectual soul is the form of the body."

To make sweeping generalizations as to the effect of Scholasticism on the inner life of the time; to attempt to discuss the extent to which, borrowing a phrase from a contemporary writer, men had forgotten, over Aristotle, the way of Salvation, would be unwise. Suffice it to say in the words of the Gita: "For those whose hearts are fixed on the unmanifested the labour is greater; because the path which is not manifest is with difficulty attained by corporeal beings." Enough has been given to suggest the hardness of form, the fixity of the moulds which had been built up, and the need for a general breaking down before the new outpouring of force could be effective. On the outermost plane, perhaps the principal means used for this breaking down of the old forms was the discovery of the New World and the trade routes to the East. The result was a change in conditions in all classes of society, each nation developing a more distinctly national life than it had hitherto possessed, and establishing much closer relations with other nations. Commerce, not only to and from the New World, but within the old, received a new impetus. A whole range of interests were opened up, all of which tended to draw men's attention from that centre—the Church—on which it had previously been fixed. And as the Church declined in importance, Scholasticism declined with it, and new ventures in science, greater freedom of thought in all directions, were the immediate result.

Meanwhile, the work of *inner* awakening was being accomplished in Italy. It is singular in some ways, that there should have been so near together (in the cities of Rome and of Florence) the head of the great ecclesiastical system which was shackling the world, and the heart of the new life and learning. For some years Italy had been the centre of all that was finest in learning and the arts. This was the period of Botticelli, of Raphael, Leonardo, the young Michelangelo. Gold and silversmiths, workers in bronze, sculptors, painters, poets, philosophers, scientists flocked to this centre. From the east came Greek and Oriental scholars driven out by the advance of the Turk. Every art flourished here that was calculated to stir men's imaginations, making them feel more intensely, with a keener appreciation, lifting them above mere intellect, and awakening them to a higher, finer consciousness. Under the rule of the Medici,—particularly of Lorenzo the magnificent,—Florence was at the height of her glory. Greater freedom of speech was enjoyed there, and more liberality of thought, than anywhere else in the western world. Among the many who gathered at this splendid court was one group known as the Platonic Academy, men who were devoting themselves to the revival of the learning of the ancients, seeking it in the original where language and thought could both be found in the purest form. Such a study had been impossible during the earlier Middle Ages. since, until comparatively recent years, none of the works of the old philosophers, not even of Aristotle, had been available, except a few trans-

lations, some fragments in the writings of the Church Fathers, and the interpretations which came by way of the Moors of Spain.

Chief among this group was Pico della Mirandola. A young Italian prince, possessed of beauty, wealth, high birth, brilliant intellectual gifts, he was, according to many, the greatest genius of his time. His phenomenal memory and extraordinarily retentive mind becoming apparent when he was a very small child, his education was begun at an early age, and by the time he was fourteen or fifteen, he was already winning recognition by his attainments in philosophy and law. Seven years were then spent in visiting the great centres of learning,—the universities of Ferrara, Pavia, Padua, Bologna, and so on. From each he gathered the best that it had to offer, and everywhere he became closely associated with the most learned among his contemporaries.

It was in 1483 or 1484, at the age of twenty, that he came to Florence, intent on the study of Plato and Aristotle and the reconciliation of the two. His belief was that while they are radically opposed from a superficial point of view, nevertheless, if studied deeply enough, they prove to be fundamentally in harmony. It would be only a useless digression to attempt here to go at any length into the difference in teaching of the two great philosophers; one point, however, which was often stressed by the Schoolmen is suggestive of their nature: to Plato the soul is merely the prime mover of the body, as the boatman is of his boat; according to Aristotle (and, of course, to the Scholastics, as well), the soul is, on the contrary, the *prime constituent* of the body,—soul and body together being one entity. This, merely by way of illustration.

Pico, in addition to his work on Plato and Aristotle, undertook an exhaustive study of the Christian Fathers (they being regarded as the key to Christian philosophy), and this subject he came to know more thoroughly than any other scholar of his day. The brilliant life of Florence was a fitting setting for him at this time. Possessed of more than usual grace and charm, admirably adapted by many gifts to such a court as that of Lorenzo, he entered fully into the activities about him. His closest companions were Ficino, the greatest authority of the age on Plato, and Poliziano, the celebrated Latin poet. Among his many friends and colleagues, his intellectual attainments won full recognition, and at the same time received the spur to the most complete expression. To facilitate his work, he took up the study of Arabic, Hebrew and Chaldaic, partly that he might read the oriental commentaries on Aristotle and Plato, but soon because of his absorbing interest in the treasures which these languages contained. And it is quite possible that he had singular opportunities to become familiar with such treasures, though there is only a suggestion of it, implied in the fact that, when asked to aid an acquaintance in some question about the Chaldaic alphabet, Pico declined in a rather jesting letter, with the explanation that his teacher, Mithridates, before agreeing to instruct him, had exacted a most solemn oath of secrecy.

In 1485, he visited France, there being needed for his work a more thorough knowledge of Scholasticism, and the University of Paris being, one might almost say, the birthplace and home of the system. After a stay of a little less than a year, he returned to Italy, living this time in quiet retirement at La Fratta. Here he made the discovery of the Kabalah, writing to Ficino an enthusiastic account of his almost unceasing toil over this temporary acquisition, containing, as it did, treasures of untold value to his researches. A few years later, at Ferrara, he again obtained possession of the Kabalah, from a Syrian Jew who was leaving the city in twenty days. This time he worked over it literally night and day, nearly blinding himself in the process. In his writings he quotes Origen as saying that Moses, on Mt. Sinai, received with the law, a secret and mysterious interpretation, which was to be revealed to no one but Joshua, and then was to be handed down by word of mouth to the sacerdotal order alone. Because of the captivity of the Jews and the passage of time, it became impossible, at length, to keep it longer in its ancient purity, and it was written down by Esdras and the Jewish wise men in the seventy books of the Kabalah. Certain biographers have for some reason expressed doubt of the genuineness of this discovery. Pico himself, however, entertained no such doubt; he believed in it fully, and was rejoiced to find in it strong confirmation of the chief mysteries of Christianity, and particularly of the divinity of Christ.

His next effort was to put before the world the results of his work. With this end in view, he drew up nine hundred propositions or paradoxes and went to Rome, where he challenged the learned men of the time to come, at his expense, and dispute or debate with him. This was by no means unusual. In the universities, candidates for each degree followed, for a certain period of time, just this procedure, putting forward propositions and defending them against opponents. In the present instance, however, the move proved an unfortunate one. Pico's extreme youth (he was only twenty-four years old), the large number and widely different subjects of his paradoxes, and his choice of a city—Rome being the congregating place for the most learned adherents of orthodox Churchism—all acted against him. Pico's expressed wish was to show, not that he knew much, but that he knew that whereof others were ignorant. Nevertheless, the critics who quickly busied themselves with the affair, were of the opinion that vanity, ostentation, and audacity had overstepped the mark, and that it would be well to expel from the Church one who, like Pico, "wished to know more than was necessary."

Pico's reputation, together with his close friendship with the powerful Lorenzo, had been sufficient to secure him an excellent reception at the Vatican, and for a time, nothing was done regarding his challenge. But when certain of his new-found enemies declared that the nine hundred propositions were in many cases heretical, Pope Innocent VIII was forced to act, forbidding the disputation, and appointing a commission to investigate the question of orthodoxy. In the examination which

followed, thirteen propositions were, in spite of their author's defence, declared heretical. Pico thereupon sent to the Vatican a written defence of the thirteen, an act which put an end to the favour he had hitherto enjoyed. The only reply was the publication of a brief regarding the right of certain Bishops to arrest, try by inquisitorial tribunal, and punish according to canon law, offences against orthodoxy. As this directly affected not only himself but his friends, Pico yielded without further parley to the decision of the commission. In condemnation of the paradoxes, Innocent VIII then issued a bull which, in spite of all the influence Lorenzo could bring to bear, was not removed until 1493, when Alexander VI, the Borgia Pope, was in power.

Pico now left Florence, with the object of returning to the University of Paris. His destination was not generally known, but it was concluded that, wherever he had gone, it was for the purpose of spreading his heresy. Warrants for his arrest were accordingly issued by the Vatican, and sent through France and Spain as the most probable objectives of his journey. The events which followed, interwoven as they were with the visit of two papal emissaries to the University of Paris on business of a totally different nature, are too tangled for more than brief mention. Pico, after some time had elapsed, was arrested at Lyons, having known nothing of the warrant until a few days previously. According to the ordinary procedure, he would have been taken to Paris to appear before a court there. Immediately, through influence in Italy, an ambassador of the Duke of Milan appeared before Charles VIII, explaining that Pico was a subject of Milan, that there was no sufficient reason for his arrest, and that he had been on his way to Paris merely to visit the University. The request for a letter of release was accordingly granted. But at this juncture the two papal emissaries arrived, explained to the king the error of his ways, and secured orders for the immediate re-arrest of the heretic. Influence was brought to bear on both sides; now Pico was to be brought to Paris, again he was not. During all this time, he was detained at Vincennes, where, in conversation with the many friends who visited him, he defended himself, always with serenity and gentleness, and with an attitude of entire deference to the Pope. In the end, it was decided that he should be conducted to the borders of the kingdom and allowed to go free. At the invitation of Lorenzo, he returned at once to Florence, where he continued his work, though he withdrew from the city to a beautiful country retreat in or near the monastery at Fiesole.

What his work was, its aim and scope, is best shown by some of the material which he proposed using in his disputation. Much of it suggests the work of the Theosophical movement in the present century, particularly certain points, either implicit or expressed, in the three objects of the society. The *De Hominis Dignitate,* for instance, the oration with which he intended to open the disputation, certainly advances a theory of the ultimate perfectibility of man. He first quotes Abdallah,

the Saracen, who, when asked what he considered most worthy of admiration in the universe, answered: Man. He then mentions a number of instances in which other teachers in the past have declared the high position held by man in the universe. He does not speak, here at least, of the theory of the Schoolmen, and particularly of St. Thomas, which was doubtless the teaching that had reached, in some form, the majority of the people in that day. This teaching was that God deals with man through the intermediate agency of angels, God being "high above all nations," so high that the world in comparison with Him, cannot be said to *be* at all.

In contrast with this, Pico stated that to the brute is given certain capacities beyond which it cannot develop. The "superior intelligences" became at once or very shortly, all they could ever become. But to man was given "the germ and seeds of multifarious existence." "Which of these he shall culture, is left to his own choice. He may vegetate with the plant;—he may sensualize himself into a brute;—he may reason himself into a celestial being; he may refine and spiritualize his nature into pure intellect, till he reach or even surpass the high destination of angelic essences. . . . We may enter the immediate presence chamber of divinity itself, and vie with Seraphim, Cherubim and Thrones for precedency of perfection." As the end of his effort, the goal toward which he was to work, man was to find "blissful and complete repose in the bosom of divinity."

For the purpose of developing these capacities, Pico proposed a discipline, progressive in nature, employing the various branches of learning most used in his day,—dialectics, ethics, philosophy, and so on. First, the ordinary human nature was to be subordinated. Then, by means of suitable training, the mind was to be rid of ignorance and prejudice, and the reasoning powers improved. Training was to follow in "various departments of science which have respect to the philosophy of nature in its largest acceptation;" and finally training in what he termed theology, or the "study and contemplation of deity in His own abstract and exalted nature." Similar at many points as this may seem to the plan in the present century, it is a dangerous undertaking to draw the parallel too closely or to attempt to establish an identity in any one particular, unless we are prepared to go into the mental subtleties, the nice distinctions, the delicate shades of meaning of that age of subtlety.

Had the disputation been allowed to take place, Pico's plan was, among other things, to interpret the Orphic theology, upon which Pythagoras had founded his system, and upon which was based the most sublime part of the Greek philosophy. This work of Orpheus, together with that of Zoroaster, he had become familiar with in both the Greek and the Chaldaic sources.

He intended, also, to give out what he terms "Magica Theoremata," the magic used by the sages of antiquity in the "investigation of the most secret and admirable mysteries of nature." It was necessary to explain

—such was the trend of the thought of the time—that this magic had nothing to do with evil spirits and the like, but that the study possessed a totally different significance, and tended to "impress the mind with religious sentiments, and to lead it to ascribe glory and praise to the great Creator." From the teachings of long past ages, he had gathered, and intended to make known, a method of reasoning by numbers taught by Pythagoras and Plato; also seventy-two physical and metaphysical principles to be applied to natural and theological science. Both these disclosures were expected to have a marked effect on the thought of the time.

In his work we find everywhere "an unbroken system of correspondences. Every object in the terrestrial world is an analogue, a symbol or counterpart, of some higher reality in the starry heavens, and this again of some law of the angelic life in the world beyond the stars."

By many men, both in his own day and since that time, Pico has been regarded, in spite of his recognized genius, as a seeker after novelties, a juggler in figures and symbols and the double meanings of words. Even those who recognized his remarkable attainments and gave him credit for the life he lived, were, in some cases, inclined to the view that these were debased by the admixture of "illusions of Platonism," mysteries from visionary and remote sources, rites of heathen worship, dreams and poetical rhapsodies from ancient times. His life, however, was in no sense that of a seeker after novelty, nor was it that of a mere student. He learned, that he might live what he learned. To Poliziano he wrote: "What is it that prevents our love of God? 'Tis easier to love than to know or describe; therefore in loving Him we labour less, and serve him more. And why should our curiosity lead us after knowledge, which it is impossible for us to arrive at, whilst we neglect the means? For we shall never know God, nor the works of his Creation, till we love Him." In all his work, his avowed aim was to "illustrate and confirm the principal truths of the Catholic faith." There is evident, throughout his work, the desire, not merely to bring into agreement the seeming contradiction between the old and the new learning, but to reconcile them in the sense of reuniting them, bringing to the best in the mediaeval the best in the ancient learning. His practical application of his doctrines to his own life is more apparent after his withdrawal from the world, which followed the affair of the disputation. In his quiet retreat at Fiesole, still enjoying the friendship of Lorenzo and his group, he rejoiced in "an abstraction from the world which enabled him to penetrate more deeply into the mysteries of God and nature." He worked ceaselessly, exemplifying his own saying: "A truly religious life is a life of industry; sloth engenders all sorts of evils." And there is evidence that, contrary to the usual supposition as to the erratic qualities of genius, his work was done very methodically and systematically, certain portions of the day and night being allotted quite definitely to certain pursuits. Numerous positions of high rank in the Church or at court

were offered him, but his reply was always to the effect that philosophers regard themselves as the kings of kings. "I could never find a regale for my soul," he once said, "in anything but retreat and contemplation."

In 1492 Lorenzo died and Pico withdrew, for a time, to Ferrara, where his life continued much as before. In his later years,—he died at the age of only thirty-one,—he came much under the influence of Savonarola, whom he had been instrumental in bringing to Florence, and whose strong partisan he was. He had once told his nephew that when he had accomplished the immediate purpose for which he was pursuing his researches, he intended to sell all that he had and go forth as a barefoot friar, to aid in the coming of Christ's kingdom on earth. During his stay in Ferrara, his work was still far from completed, but he took the first step toward poverty by selling to his nephew a considerable part of his estate, at a price that made it practically a gift, retaining merely enough for his own needs, and arranging for the remainder to be used for charitable purposes. From now on, he lived very quietly and, it is said, with a serenity of mind which no exigency could disturb. Those who knew him best declared that he had overcome vanity, pride, ambition, and knew no anger or resentment. Perhaps no better commentary on his life and character could be given than several of his *Rules,* which, at his death, became the property of his friends:

"Put no trust in your own strength, but confide in Him, by whose power the Prince of Darkness was cast out. Give glory to His name; pay obedience to His voice, and be a perpetual petitioner for His grace."

"Destroy sin in the very suggestion; the parleying with sin is death, for the devil is a most ungenerous enemy, and uses fraud where force fails."

"If unlawful objects appear to the senses, remember the mixture of vinegar and gall, that was given your Redeemer to drink; and learn, that all things have an allay in this life. . . . If pride be your temptation, hear the great Apostle of the Gentiles, who says, that his Master was in the form of God, and took upon him the form of a servant; and, humbling Himself, became obedient to death, even the death of the cross."

Elsewhere he writes: "By prayer I would not be understood to recommend the frequent repetition of a long jargon of sounds, but the opening of your soul to the Almighty that it may unite with Him; and to render yourself acceptable, the day must not only begin and end in prayer, but your prayers must be repeated in purity of heart, and intermixed with sighs proceeding from a profound sorrow for sin."

He died in 1494, after a brief but violent illness, pronounced, at the time, to be a fever of mysterious nature. From the diary of another Florentine there comes, however, a different explanation of his death, and one quite characteristic of the Florentine life of the period. This diary, dated some years later, at the time when Savanarola had gained control of the government, refers to several political conspirators who

had recently been brought to justice. One confessed, among other things, to having hastened the death of Pico della Mirandola by poison, being, at the time, a servant in his household. Two possible reasons are suggested for the act; one, the established fact that the criminal, knowing himself to be well provided for in his master's will, had had self-interest as his motive; the other, that the act was a political measure. At a time when Savonarola was employing his steadily increasing power against the Medici, Pico's intimacy with Savonarola may have seemed like treachery to the then reigning Pietro de Medici. Were this the case, Pico's death, in the chaotic conditions of the time, would have been as easy to accomplish as to conceal. Whatever the facts may be, he was buried in the Cathedral of San Marco, wearing the white habit of Savonarola's order.

The results of the work of Pico and his group would be difficult to sum up. The direct and immediate outcome was the activity of Colet, More, and others of the Oxford group, who, fired by the inspiration of study in Italy, carried to England an intense interest in the revival of learning and the overthrow of Scholasticism. Pico's work is little known now, except as it forms a part of the great Italian Renaissance, which, as a whole, Pater has declared to be "great rather by what it designed than by what it achieved." Yet if we aim *greatly,* do we ever really fail to achieve,—different though the achievement may be from what we had purposed? Pico's writings may lie unread, the immediate object for which he laboured be forgotten, but that may mean only that we should seek, not the results of his work as an individual, but of his work as part of the whole Lodge effort of the period. And if this be done, there is much in the following century that is of significance. To attempt to dogmatize in a matter of this nature would, of course, be unwise, but, as a partial recounting of the consequences of that Lodge effort, several points may at least be suggested.

First, of course, come the reactions. On the lowest and outermost plane, we find that the spiritual force was perverted, as is so often the case when unregenerate lower nature reacts to spiritual impulse. The varying tendencies of the social life of the day ran riot; in the popular unrest and the ensuing Peasants' War, there was, in many respects, a counterpart of the Bolshevist spirit of our own day,—a condition of affairs which has characterized the first quarter of more than one century in the modern era. Higher in the spiritual order, but undoubtedly, to some extent, also a distortion of spiritual force, was the Protestant Revolution, led by Luther. The conservative reformation within the Church, advocated by Erasmus and his colleagues, came nearer, it appears, to the right employment of the power. Much nearer to the heart of things, and perhaps, in the inner world, the direct consequence of the spiritual outpouring, came the life and work of St. Theresa, St. John of the Cross and Ignatius Loyola, all of whom entered so fully into the desire of the Masters to lift the world to a higher level.

JULIA CHICKERING.

THE THREE PLANES OF HUMAN LIFE *

Jagrata, Swapna, Sushupti: Waking, Dreaming, Dreamless Sleep

I SPEAK of ordinary men. The Adept, the Master, the Yogi, the Mahatma, the Buddha, each lives in more than three states while incarnated upon this world, and they are fully conscious of them all, while the ordinary man is only conscious of the first, the waking-life, as the word conscious is now understood.

Every theosophist who is in earnest ought to know the importance of these three states, and especially how essential it is that one should not lose in Swapna the memory of experiences in Sushupti, nor in Jagrata those of Swapna, and vice versa.

Jagrata, our waking state, is the one in which we must be regenerated; where we must come to a full consciousness of the Self within, for in no other is salvation possible.

When a man dies he goes either to the Supreme Condition from which no return against his will is possible, or to other states,—heaven, hell, avitchi, devachan, what not—from which return to reincarnation is inevitable. But he cannot go to the Supreme State unless he has perfected and regenerated himself; unless the wonderful and shining heights on which the Masters stand have been reached while he is in a body. This consummation, so devoutly desired, cannot be secured unless at some period in his evolution the being takes the steps that lead to the final attainment. These steps can and must be taken. In the very first is contained the possibility of the last, for causes, once put in motion, eternally produce their natural results.

Among those steps are an acquaintance with and understanding of the three states first spoken of.

Jagrata acts on Swapna, producing dreams and suggestions, and either disturbs the instructions that come down from the higher state, or aids the person through waking calmness and concentration, which tend to lessen the distortions of the mental experiences of dream life. Swapna again in its turn acts on the waking state (Jagrata), by the

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good or bad suggestions made to him in dreams. All experience and all religions are full of proofs of this. In the fabled Garden of Eden the wily serpent whispered in the ear of the sleeping mortal to the end that when awake he should violate the command. In Job it is said that God instructed man in sleep, in dreams, and in visions of the night. And the common introspective and dream life of the most ordinary people needs no proof. Many cases are within my knowledge where the man was led to commit acts against which his better nature rebelled, the suggestion for the act coming to him in dream. It was because the unholy state of his waking thoughts infected his dreams, and laid him open to evil influences. By natural action and reaction he poisoned both Jagrata and Swapna.

It is therefore our duty to purify and keep clear these two planes.

The third state common to all is *Sushupti,* which has been translated *"dreamless sleep."* The translation is inadequate, for, while it is dreamless, it is also a state in which even criminals commune through the higher nature with spiritual beings and enter into the spiritual plane. It is the great spiritual reservoir by means of which the tremendous momentum toward evil living is held in check. And because it is involuntary with them, it is constantly salutary in its effect.

In order to understand the subject better, it is well to consider a little in detail what happens when one falls asleep, has dreams, and then enters Sushupti. As his outer senses are dulled the brain begins to throw up images, the reproductions of waking acts and thoughts, and soon he is asleep. He has entered a plane of experience which is as real as that just quitted, only that it is of a different sort. We may roughly divide this from the waking life by an imaginary partition on the one side, and from Sushupti by another partition on the other. In this region he wanders until he begins to rise beyond it into the higher. There no disturbances come from the brain action, and the being is a partaker, to the extent his nature permits, of the "banquet of the Gods." But he has to return to waking state, and he can get back by no other road than the one he came upon, for, as Sushupti extends in every direction and Swapna under it also in every direction, there is no possibility of emerging at once from Sushupti into Jagrata. And this is true even though, on returning, no memory of any dream is retained.

Now the ordinary non-concentrated man, by reason of the want of focus due to multitudinous and confused thought, has put his Swapna field or state into confusion, and in passing through it the useful and elevating experiences of Sushupti become mixed up and distorted, not resulting in benefit to him as a waking person which is his right as well as his duty to have. Here again is seen the lasting effect, either prejudicial or the opposite, of the conduct and thoughts when awake. So it appears, then, that what he should try to accomplish is,—such a clearing up and vivification of Swapna state as shall result in removing the confusion and distortion existing there, in order that upon emerging into waking

life he may retain a wider and brighter memory of what occurred in Sushupti. This is done by increase of concentration upon high thoughts, upon noble purposes, upon all that is best and most spiritual in him while awake. The best result cannot be accomplished in a week or a year, perhaps in a life, but, once begun, it will lead to the perfection of spiritual cultivation in some incarnation hereafter.

By this course a centre of attraction is set up in him while awake, and to that all his energies flow, so that it may be figured to ourselves as a focus in the waking man. To this focal point—looking at it from that plane—converge the rays from the whole waking man towards Swapna, carrying him into dream-state with greater clearness. By reaction, this creates another focus in Swapna, through which he can emerge into Sushupti in a collected condition. Returning he goes by means of these points through Swapna, and there, the confusion being lessened, he enters into his usual waking state the possessor, to some extent at least, of the benefits and knowledge of Sushupti. The difference between the man who is not concentrated and the one who is, consists in this, that the first passes from one state to the other through the imaginary partitions postulated above, just as sand does through a sieve, while the concentrated man passes from one to the other similarly to water through a pipe or the rays of the sun through a lens. In the first case each stream of sand is a different experience, a different set of confused and irregular thoughts, whereas the collected man goes and returns the owner of regular and clear experience.

These thoughts are not intended to be exhaustive, but so far as they go it is believed they are correct. The subject is one of enormous extent as well as great importance, and theosophists are urged to purify, elevate, and concentrate the thoughts and acts of their waking hours so that they shall not continually and aimlessly, night after night and day succeeding day, go into and return from these natural and wisely appointed states, no wiser, no better able to help their fellow men. For by this way, as by the spider's small thread, we may gain the free space of spiritual life.

EUSEBIO URBAN.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

IN childhood I had every advantage of religious training. My grandfather was a clergyman, and our family devoutly religious. Nevertheless, as I approached manhood, having in the meantime completely changed my surroundings, associates, and interest, I gradually relinquished my early faith and beliefs, and before long rather prided myself on being an agnostic. It was not without some pangs that I reached this stage, but having done so I soon ceased to worry or think much about it.

For several years I drifted, without chart or compass, engrossed with the excitements and pleasures of life. But the awakening came. A blow fell, which seemed to me the worst possible. Grief and despair drove me to seek desperately for some light in the darkness, some reality on which I might obtain a foothold.

I had promised to read Mrs. Eddy's *Science and Health,* but had never yet done so. On some impulse I now began to study this book, the opening chapter of which deals with prayer. As I pondered on the idea that God is Love, and to know Him life eternal, a great light came. It was a wonderful, inexplicable thing, to me, for, in the very midst of my pain I felt a great joy, far surpassing anything in my previous experience. As the days passed this consciousness gradually diminished and faded away, but the recollection of it remained, a lasting possession.

For some weeks I continued the study of *Science and Health,* but before long I decided to abandon Christian Science, and to look elsewhere for more of that Light of which a flash had been granted me. There followed a period of some months during which I read, without plan or system, whatever I could lay hands on, dealing with the philosophical and metaphysical.

One day a friend passed on to me some books on "Yoga Philosophy." These outlined the elementary teachings of occultism, the seven principles of man, re-incarnation and the law of Karma, etc. None of these ideas were familiar to me, but I accepted them at once, as far as my understanding of them permitted, and I began to believe that, at last, I was on the right track. I was convinced of this, when, a few days later, I received from the same source, *Light on the Path.* This wonderful book fascinated me from the first. I could make very little out of it; nevertheless I felt intuitively that it was true, and that it would give me the practical guidance I needed. I decided to try to become an occultist, and, eventually, a disciple. I obtained additional books, including the *Bhavagad Gita* and a volume of excerpts from the Upanishads. I tried

to take stock of my various sins, weaknesses, and limitations, and determined to set about eliminating them.

Months, years, passed. In some ways I was undoubtedly progressing. As I studied and pondered the somewhat cryptic statements of *Light on the Path,* I began to sense more and more of their significance. By turning over and over in my mind a given idea or sentence, I never failed to get some additional meaning from it. As I tried to understand the personal application, that too would, to some extent, be revealed; especially if I really endeavored to carry it out in practice. On the other hand, the results of my attempts at self-discipline and self-conquest were very far from satisfactory, in fact they were oftentimes a complete failure. The crudest, and, as it seemed to me, the least excusable failings and sins, were apparently firmly embedded in my nature, and would not be dislodged.

One day when visiting New York City I bought a copy of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. I was somewhat prejudiced against "Theosophists," having gotten the idea that they were a "sect" of occultists, with certain crystallized dogmas and doctrines. But the magazine was very prepossessing in appearance, and I thought I might get something out of it, if only a more definite idea about "Theosophy." Great was my surprise and pleasure on finding in this magazine, articles containing quotations from my faithful friend, *Light on the Path.* Perusal of these articles showed that here were some writers who evidently knew more of the significance of my most valued book than I did. I eagerly read through this QUARTERLY, and forthwith sent in my subscription.

However, much as I came to value and look forward to each new issue of the QUARTERLY, I did not, for a year or two, seriously consider becoming a member of the Society. On one occasion, hearing of a Theosophical Society in a nearby town, I went to see a gentleman, spoken of as the local head. I was surprised to learn that he did not know of the QUARTERLY; that his was a different society, though bearing the same name. I also found that the phases of Theosophy apparently most interesting to him, were not those which to me seemed the most vital, and that we were evidently working along somewhat different lines. Although I attended one of their meetings, I felt no inclination to join them, and for the time gave up whatever idea I had of becoming a member of the Theosophical Society. However, one Spring, after some rather discouraging failures, I decided to send in my application to the Secretary T. S. and, as suggested in a cordial note from the Secretary, to attend the Annual Convention in New York.

How can I attempt to describe my thoughts and impressions at that first Convention, my first meeting with any members of the T. S.! Certainly my highest expectations and hopes were far exceeded. I found the Theosophic life being exemplified, on all sides, in word and deed. In fact it was to me one great lesson in applied Theosophy. Also, I felt that these people, though I had never seen them before, were truly my

friends. I returned home after the Convention, with a full heart, deeply thankful that I had at last come to take this step; joyful at having found these companions on the way.

Since that time I have come to have some clearer perception of the great privilege which it is to belong to the T. S. and of the opportunities which this membership offers. It is my hope and aim some day to reach a point where I shall know that I am, at last, really worthy of being called a Theosophist. F. T. S.

We sometimes see religious discontented in their state. They feel all the weight of the yoke which they bear, and carry it with pain. If any one should try to persuade them to do themselves a little violence, to become more vigilant and exact, to apply with greater fidelity to the practices of religion, they think that this would render their lives still more unhappy, and their burden insupportable. But how much are they deceived, and why are they not better informed in what their true happiness consists! Instead of taking so much care of themselves, if they took less, or were not at all solicitous for their own case; if instead of permitting themselves so many relaxations, which they look on as consolations, they placed their consolation in not seeking any, or in seeking it in the most strict and regular observance of their duties, how would they be consoled! They would begin to relish their vocation, because they would have the spirit of it; and this would make them find much sweetness in the practice of what before was most tiresome, mortifying, and repugnant to their nature. It is strange that there is so much difficulty in convincing persons of this truth, when they have before their eyes sensible proofs and existing examples. If they applied to those of the community who appear to them the most fervent, and inquired of them if they find their state irksome and insipid, if they repent having embraced it, or would exchange it, if the ordinary exercises of the house cause them any disgust, if they are subject to low spirits, to melancholy and discouragement,—ah! if they could discover the sentiments of these souls, they would learn that it is for them and such as them, that the hundred-fold reward is reserved in this life, as well as the next.—From Father Valois, S.J., "Letter on Fervour."

SPINOZA'S "ETHICS"

I. Concerning God and the Nature of Human Thought

"DIVINE nature which ought to have been considered before all things, for that it is prior in knowledge and nature, many have thought to be last in the order of knowledge; and things which are called the objects of the senses they have believed to be prior to all things. Hence it has come to pass that, while they considered the things of nature, they paid no attention to divine nature; and when at last they directed their attention to divine nature, they could have no regard for their first fabrications with which they overlaid their knowledge of natural things, inasmuch as these things give no help to the knowledge of divine nature."[1]

The physical and psychic worlds can be interpreted by reference to God, for they proceed from Him. But, without reference to God, they can be nowise interpreted. The mere accumulation of formulas and sense-data, after the modern fashion, can never reveal Truth. On the contrary Truth reveals both formulas and sense-data. Thus Benedictus de Spinoza expressed the method and spirit of his thought. Method and spirit came of an ancient stock common to all the schools of mediæval Europe, Christian, Hebrew and Mohammedan. They were derived from the Bible and from Aristotle, but chiefly from Alexandria, mother of mysteries and philosophies, preserver of Greece, and daughter of archaic Egypt.

One of the greatest Alexandrians was Plotinus (d. 270 A. D.), the first Neoplatonist. His influence, direct or indirect, upon Christian thought was such that Origen (d. 253), Dionysius (400-500?) and Erigena (d. 891) might be taken for his disciples. Similarly, Neoplatonism coloured the learning of the Spanish Arabs and from them was passed on to the Hebrew sages of the Twelfth Century, Maimonides, Gersonides, Ibn-Ezra and Chasdai Creskas.[2]

Spinoza's parents were Portuguese Jews, exiles in Holland. Their Congregation represented much that was best in Hebrew character, being positive in faith and severe in morals, but it was marked by intolerance, perhaps as a consequence of persecution. It tolerated the Hebrew philosophers, but not Spinoza's interpretation of them. In 1652, he was excommunicated and cursed. So far as is known, that was the only extraordinary event in his life. He had a few devoted friends, but shunned all publicity. He lived moderately and, so he said, happily, in spite of much physical suffering. He died in 1677 at the age of forty-five.

If Spinoza had not given cause for excommunication, it can be imagined that he would have developed without dilution the mystical and

[1] Spinoza: *Ethics* II, 10 n.

[2] It would be interesting to trace the influence of the Cabbala upon this phase of Hebrew metaphysics.

pious strain of his nature. But he would have failed in the peculiar mission which time has set for him, that of reconciling the modern spirit with the old.

Already one effort at reconciliation had been made, with a tragic result for him who undertook it. Giordano Bruno (d. 1600) had died at the stake for daring to show that a Neoplatonic Christianity was compatible with Copernican science. Spinoza's debt to Bruno must have been very great. Many of Spinoza's most characteristic hypotheses seem to have been only extensions and arrangements of the disorderly intuitions of the earlier philosopher.[3]

Spinoza's sympathy with the modern spirit was further stirred by the influence of Descartes (d. 1650). But unlike Descartes and like Bruno, he felt all the value of the new science and its methods, and yet lost none of his devotion to the old. He gave an example of the only possible mode of progress, by making the new ideas an organic part of the old, as the growth of fresh tissue in a body is contained in the form of the old. So John Sebastian Bach founded harmonic music without sacrificing polyphony.

"Every individual thing," he said, "or whatever thing that is finite and has a determined existence, cannot exist nor be determined for action, unless it is determined for action and existence by another cause which is also finite and has a determined existence; and again this cause cannot exist nor be determined for action, unless it be determined for existence and action by another cause which also is finite and has a determined existence; and so on to infinity."[4] There it is, the mechanistic hypothesis of all the determinists, from Epicurus to Häckel. No modern thinker has given it clearer expression.

But the world of mechanism or fate is not peculiar to Western science. The Hindus describe it as Maya or illusion, a far-flung emanation of the real, a state of things tending to become the opposite of Truth. They study it only to make more vivid its contrast to the real, and finally, by spurning its values, to transcend it.

Unlike the typical mechanist, Spinoza looked above Maya to the true world of union with divine nature. "God acts merely according to His own laws and is compelled by no one."[5] Every man, everything, contains in germ and can develop an infinite nature, freeing him from external causes in a condition where all is one. In spite of the "*ordo geometricus*," in spite of many dips into the most objective experience, Spinoza's path leads at last into the Mystic Way.

At the end of Part I of the *Ethics*, his masterpiece, Spinoza said: "In these propositions I have explained the nature and properties of God: that He necessarily exists: that He is one alone: that He exists and acts merely from the necessity of His nature: that He is the free cause of all

[3] This is almost certainly true of Spinoza's cardinal theory, that thought and extension are two attributes of one substance,—"God or Nature."

[4] 1, 28.

[5] 1, 17.

things: that all things are in God and so depend upon Him that without Him they could neither exist nor be conceived: and finally that all things were pre-determined by God, not through His free or good will, but through His absolute nature or infinite power."

Such a God does not resemble the exoteric man-gods. Has He anything in common with the esoteric One, Parabrahm?

Spinoza agreed with the Schoolmen in postulating reality as the predicate of divinity. Aquinas had said: "Wherever anything not merely negative or privative exists, there the whole of the existence is God." Spinoza paraphrased this: "Whatever is, is in God and nothing can exist or be conceived without God."[6]

If God embraces all things in himself,[7] then He is all things. He coexists with the creation, Maimonides had taught, as its active cause, not as a potential cause which precedes the effect in time, as in finite minds. In Spinoza's words: "God is the indwelling and not the transient cause of all things." His "Essence involves existence and His nature cannot be conceived unless existing. God's existence and His essence are one and the same thing."[8] In spite of Spinoza's disclaimer,[9] there has been a tendency always to associate his name with that crudest form of pantheism which can conceive of no divinity above sensuous nature and of no worship but the worship of physical life. The German Romanticists who tried to glorify such an ideal distorted Spinoza into being their prophet. Throughout the Eighteenth Century the name of this austere philosopher was synonymous with scandal.

Spinoza can give his own defense. "By nature active we must understand that which is in itself and through itself is conceived, or such attributes of substance as express eternal and infinite essence, that is, God, in so far as He is regarded as a free cause. By nature passive I understand all that follows from the necessity of the nature of God, or of any of His attributes, that is, all the modes of the attributes of God, in so far as they are considered as the things which are in God."[10] "Intellect and will, which would constitute the essence of God, must differ absolutely from our will and intellect, nor can they agree in anything save name. . . . The intellect of God . . . is in truth the cause of things, which seems to have been asserted by those who have said that God's intellect, will and power are one and the same thing."[11] Here God appears as something distinct from His creation. He is in fact the Absolute, the One of Plotinus, who said: "The One is necessarily prior to all things; it must therefore fill all and produce all, without itself being any of the things which it produces."[12]

[6] I, 15.
[7] Cf. Dionysius. *De Div. Nom.* v, 4.
[8] I, 18; 20; def. 1.
[9] Cf. II 10, n., quoted above.
[10] I, 29, n.
[11] I, 18, n.
[12] *Enneads* III, 9, 4. Cf. the saying of Chuang Tzu, a Taoist of the Fourth Century B. C.: "Tao is not too small for the greatest, nor too great for the smallest. Thus all things are embosomed therein, wide, indeed, its boundless capacity, unfathomable its depth."

About the Absolute, Buddha counselled his disciples to be silent, since they knew nothing. One cannot blame Plotinus and Spinoza for refusing to define it, save by terms negative to our experience. But unlike those moderns who have used the Absolute to explain things out of existence, ancient and mediæval Idealists used it to explain why things exist. . . . For them idealism and pantheism were one and the same thing. They reconciled the seeming antimony by asserting that, though God was present in all things, yet in so far as one thing was more real than other things, God was more present in that thing than in other things. There is one reality, which is one and the same as perfection, but the things of earth differ in their degrees of reality or perfection, so that there is a hierarchy of perfections, a descending scale from the highest to the lowest. "Material was not wanting to God for the creation of all things from the highest grade to the lowest . . . the laws of His nature are so comprehensive as to suffice for the creation of everything that infinite intellect can conceive."[12] "The effect which is produced immediately from God is the most perfect and that one is more imperfect, according as it requires more intermediating causes."[13] To emanate being in successively diminishing waves to the shore of non-being—such must be the function of Substance. The existence of God, said Maimonides, is involved in His essence. Perfection being synonymous with power, according to Plotinus, the First Being must have of all things the greatest power, and being prior to all things, must engender all things."[14]

It should have been shown that the God of Spinoza was not a synonym for physical nature, but came to him, through Plotinus, from Egypt and India, from the teaching of the Lodge. In our own day, M. Bergson has re-discovered the world seen by Plotinus and Spinoza.

Much that seemed dark becomes clear in the light of the doctrine that the Infinite emanates existences and arranges them in hierarchical systems. For instance, the typical modern problems of mind and matter, of free-will and determinism, cease to have meaning.

Plotinus defined matter as absolute non-being or negativeness, so that wherever matter appeared in things, there was diminution of being. By matter he meant not only the state of differentiation in space or figured extension, but the accompaniment of that differentiation expressed in a troubled, incomplete life of the soul. Matter is the condition of the externally fated or determined, whether body or soul. The point to note is that body or extension *per se* was not conceived as evil, but only a particular kind of body; and that because it was the object of a particular kind or mode of thought. There are bodies celestial, said St. Paul, and there are terrestrial bodies, differing from one another in glory.

Spirit is the opposite of matter. It is the condition of the free or internally determined, whether body or soul. Finally, in the perfect union

[12] 1, app.

[14] Cf. Spinoza: 1, app. "The perfection of things is estimated solely from their nature and power."

with the One, both body and soul are laid aside. Separateness and measure vanish, and there comes full subjective realization.

These ideas, maintained by the Schoolmen, were among those erased by Descartes from his mind. When he restored them, as he restored them all, in a new form, he converted them into a problem. He embraced all the grades of spatial being in one concept of *extended substance*, which he made homogeneous, by attributing to all its divisions only one sort of motion, mechanical or externally caused motion. Similarly he made one substance, thought, out of all the grades of thinking or conscious being, to which as a whole he attributed the function of freedom or self-determination, proper only to thought, as well as to extension, on the highest plane.

The problems precipitated by Descartes have bewildered European metaphysics for three centuries—whether mind rules matter[15] or vice versa; whether man is free in his choices, or determined. So long as these are the only terms, any solution must be vicious. If all consciousness be free, its actions must be evaluated by measuring its effects on matter. Spirituality, according to this opinion, is not the power to harmonize mind-states, but the power to move physical bodies. That is precisely the way in which the Germans have defined spirituality. If matter control mind, the mental richness be proportional to material richness, one must surround oneself by as many evidences of matter as possible. Thus materialism and modern spirituality are two paths to one and the same end, perversity. Both seek *on this plane* glory, power, and wealth.

Alone among the followers of Descartes, Spinoza set the problems right. To the intellect, he said, God revealed himself as a "Being or Substance consisting of infinite attributes, each of which expresses eternal and infinite essence."[16] The human intellect perceives two attributes, thought or God as a thinking thing, extension or God as an extended thing.[17] Thought and extension are no longer separate substances with opposite natures, existing by the arbitrary will of God. They are independent, but equal revelations of God, co-existent with his manifestation, of which they are respectively the subject and the object. Neither can dominate the other, since both are two terms of one process or, as M. Bergson has said, two translations of one text. "The mind and body are one and the same individual which is conceived, now under the attribute of thought, and now under the attribute of extension."[18] Wherever thought is, there must be extension and vice versa. "The order and connection of ideas is the same as the order and connection of things."[19] "The first part which constitutes the actual being of the human mind is

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[15] Matter in modern terminology is limited to mean that part of extension which is the object of the physical senses, since these are the only senses recognized.

[16] I, def. 6.

[17] II 1, 2, 5, 6.

[18] II, 21, n.

[19] II, 7.

nothing else than the idea of an individual thing actually existing," that thing being the body.[20]

Spinoza did not leave the question incomplete. Men who think their wills are free, he argued, are either fools or liars. But there is freedom in the universe for all that. Only in so far as a creature is free or self-determined, can that creature be called real. To be free is the nature of God, the one reality.[21] The real man who partakes of the infinite nature of God must be free. He who knows that he knows Truth[22] cannot be a slave.

Whence then comes human bondage? For such bondage, if not real, is none the less the most obvious fact in experience.

Spinoza drew a line between two kinds of cause, the adequate and the inadequate. "I call that an adequate cause whose effect can clearly and distinctly be perceived through it. I call that one inadequate whose effect cannot be perceived through itself."[23] The physical body, at present so important an object of thought, is so constituted that only its modifications or reactions can possibly be made known to the mind. For the body is an imperfect unity, being composed of many individuals which "do not appertain to the essence of that body save in so far as they reciprocally communicate their motions in a certain ratio."[24] In other words, the knowledge of the motions of the body does not involve the knowledge of adequate causes of the motions. Therefore, the knowledge of the causes of human behaviour must be considered as inadequate, as not clear but confused,[25] so long as we establish that knowledge on the imperfect cognition of the physical body and of external bodies which influence it. "Men are mistaken in thinking themselves free, and this opinion consists of this alone, that they are conscious of their actions and ignorant of the causes by which they are determined."[26] The inadequacy of their understanding does not consist in their imagination, which is relatively true, but consists in the privation of that which would correct or complement the imagination. "Falsity consists in privation of knowledge which is involved by mutilated and confused ideas."[27] The inadequate is a perversion of the adequate.

Compare this definition of falsity with the description of the "versatile psychic nature" in Book I of the *Yoga Sutras* of Patanjali. The psychic activities, says Mr. Johnston in comment, "are all real forces, but distorted from their real nature and goal."[28]

"All ideas, in so far as they have references to God, are true." "Those things which are common to all, and which are equally in a part

[20] II, 11, 13. Body must mean all extended substance which is the direct object of the mind, not merely the physical body.

[21] I, def. 7.

[22] II, 49, n.

[23] III, def. 1.

[24] II, 24 and Post 1.

[25] II, 28.

[26] II, 35, n.

[27] II, 35.

[28] *Sutra* IV. Transl. & Comment by Charles Johnston. Cf. also IV 14.

and in the whole, can only be conceived as adequate." "All bodies agree in certain things which must adequately or clearly be perceived by all."[29] In Heaven all is one, because heavenly bodies agree in all things. The seer has the consciousness of union or agreement with the sum of Being. The lowest of men has still this consciousness, but undeveloped, like a seed just opened. He has the illusion of separateness because he cannot see the whole of a thing, but only part of it.

The unfolding of real consciousness is the destiny of man. The first stage in the process is for him to subdue the imagination and accept the guidance of reason or "sound intellection" as Patanjali calls it. Reason in turn must be guided and improved by intuition, a spiritual power. "We perceive many things and form universal notions, first, from individual things represented to our intellect mutilated, confused and without order . . . second from signs, e.g., from the fact that we remember certain things through having read or heard certain words, and form certain ideas of them similar to those through which we imagine things. Both of these ways of regarding things I shall call Opinion or Imagination. . . . Then we have common ideas and adequate ideas of the properties of things. This I shall call Reason. Besides these two kinds of knowledge, there is a third, Intuition. This kind of knowledge proceeds from an adequate idea of the formal essence of certain attributes of God to the adequate knowledge of the essence of things."[30] In so far as imagination partakes of reason, it is true. In so far as reason partakes of intuition, it maintains and extends its life. There is not a perception of thought, but must have first appeared in the form of an intuition. As one would rise higher in the scale, more and more common ideas of the properties of things would reveal themselves. Finally, there is full perception of the essence of God. Man is capable of transcending the plane on which he is normally functioning. Through the perception of the more perfect existences of a higher plane, he is better able to discriminate between the true and false properties of physical things. Of such an order are the visions of mystics, the expressions of artists and the discoveries of every science.

Just as Plato had said that the ambition of life was to live disembodied, as Plotinus had considered grossness of consciousness to be an accompaniment of grossness of body, so Spinoza said: "One can rid himself of misconceptions, if he pays attention to the nature of thought which least involves the conception of extension; and therefore he will clearly understand that an idea does not consist in an image of anything nor in words. For the essence of words and images is constituted solely by bodily motions which least involve the conception of thought."[31] Images and words are determined by causes which are unperceived by the mind. The cause of a true idea is clearly and distinctly perceived through itself. Imagination is externally caused. Understanding is caused by itself.

[29] II, 32, 38, coroll.
[30] II, 40, n, 2.
[31] II, 49, n.

Here is the key to the problem of free will. There is freedom, said Spinoza, but not free will. "It is not the nature of reason to regard things as contingent, but necessary." "It depends solely on the imagination that we consider things as contingent." "It is the nature of reason to perceive things under a certain form of eternity," for "the necessity of things is the necessity of the eternal nature of God."[32] But God is free in the only possible sense, because He is limited by nothing in the expression of His nature. As for will, it can be nothing but an "affirmation or negation which an idea involves," so that "Will and intellect are one and the same thing."[33] "I understand by will the faculty, not the desire, of affirming and denying what is true or false."[34] But faculties are general notions, which cannot be distinguished from the individual things from which we formed them, so that some volition must be implied in every idea. If a man have true ideas, his affirmation of them, being self-determined, may be called free. If a man's ideas be false, being externally determined, his will, his power of choice or selection, are in servitude along with his intelligence. In short, will can be free by association with the nature of thought, not by its own nature. "The right use of the will", said Patanjali, "is the steady effort to stand in spiritual being." But self-will is the brand of bondage to the psychic nature.

Spinoza so emphasized the oneness of things that his philosophy seems to neglect the problem of individuality, of the Ego. The human mind, he said, is part of the infinite intellect of God, or the idea of the human mind is in God, not in so far as He is infinite, but in so far as he is affected by another idea of an individual thing.[35] His meaning is evidently that in so far as a man is an individual, he is a thing limited by other individuals, so that the infinite and real nature of God is obscured in him. But he did not add clearly enough that this infinite and real nature can be realized in him. This hiatus becomes more noticeable in the last Part of the *Ethics,* because there Spinoza explained without equivocation that conscious union with God or Divine Nature, was the end of man. Given his definition of human mind as a thing necessarily limited by other things, such union would be impossible.

It is at this point of Spinoza's system that it needs to be complemented by the system of Leibnitz. "From the shock of the two emerge the truths of the Archaic doctrine."[36] Leibnitz conceived the soul as a monad, and immortal unit, containing in itself (in miniature) all the attributes of God. The monad was the microcosm in the macrocosm, one of an infinite number of eternally manifesting aspects of God. A monad is not a particular mind nor in a real sense an individual at all, but it has a history reproducing as an infinitesimal, the history of the infinite Cosmos. From freedom it falls into determinism, to pass by a law of

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[32] II, 44, coroll 1, 2.
[33] II, 49, coroll.
[34] II, 48, n.
[35] II 20.
[36] *Secret Doctrine,* I, 629.

predestined harmony into freedom again. The concept involved herein is implicit in Spinoza's ideas, but never explicit. To quote *The Secret Doctrine* again, he was a subjective as Leibnitz was an objective, pantheist. Leibnitz thought of the world in manifestation, wherein the many eclipse the One. In the intuition of Spinoza, always the One dominated the many and at last composed all differentiations. Above manifestations is a state where the One eclipses the many.

Spinoza's opposition to the doctrine of final causes is due to the same bias. There was for him one impiety, to attribute the least tincture of personality to God, to apply to the divine any suggestion of human standards. "I would warn you that I do not attribute to Nature either beauty or deformity, order or confusion. Only in relation to our imagination can things be called beautiful or ugly, ordered or confused."[37] Perfection meant Reality, imperfection was the absence of Reality. God as the absolutely perfect Being could not be regarded as lacking anything. Therefore He did not create things for His edification, but only as a consequence of His perfection.

It is the silliest vanity to assert the contrary. Men are "born ignorant of the causes of things. They do all things with an end in view, that is, they seek what is useful." They find themselves well-equipped with instruments of the senses and with some intelligence for the struggle of existence. So they conclude that "there is some governor or governors endowed with human freedom, who take care of all things for them and make all things for their use. They must naturally form an estimate of the nature of these governors from their own: hence they say that the gods direct all things for the use of men, that men may be bound down to them and do them the highest honor. So that each individual has devised a different manner in his own mind for the worship of God, that God may love him above the rest and direct the whole of Nature for the gratification of his blind cupidity and insatiable avarice."[38] If some inconvenience took place, like an earthquake, it was attributed to divine malice.

But the insufficiency of a finite God is not related to the doctrine of the Final Cause as formulated by Aristotle and adopted by Leibnitz. The Final Cause is necessary to supplement the Neoplatonic theory of Emanations and Hierarchies of Perfection, for it expresses the energy drawing the emanated thing back to its source. The Eastern Wisdom says that there is an infinite series of monads or divine aspects. In so far as God is that infinite series, or the highest of that series, He can lack nothing and is apart from all evolution, even while causing it. In so far, as He is any other than the highest of that series, He is forever capable of an increment of perfection and must evolve eternally.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

[37] Letter xv, to Oldenburg.
[38] I, app.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE staff of the QUARTERLY, and many of our readers also, are mourning the loss of Mr. Griscom, the creator and editor-in-chief of this magazine. His death, on December 30th, is still too recent to make it possible for those who were nearest to him to say much on the more human and intimate side. Deep feeling does not lend itself to speech. But the Recorder has noted some of the comments of friends, believing that what they said would prove of general interest.

The Philosopher began it. He was looking deliberately, perhaps, for a thought that could be kept upon the surface.

"To use the language of the world," he said, "the QUARTERLY was Griscom's hobby. To use the language of fact, it was the truest expression of his life, which in his case meant his religion. There was nothing he would not have done for it. He gave hours of his time to it, after exhausting days at business. He wrote for it, when he was too tired even to read. It was his energy and persistence which brought each issue into being, quarter after quarter, throughout the years."

"Yes," responded the Student, "and I wish people could realize how much that meant. Born and brought up in surroundings of wealth, his family as well known as any in Philadelphia, he received the best education which money could provide. At his university, he was as successful as a student as he was in athletics. Starting in business while still a very young man, he married almost as soon as he came of age. His duties compelled him to live in the world, and at times to take part conspicuously in worldly affairs. But at no time and in no sense was he "of the world." Discipleship was his desire and his constant aim. What is more, he proved by actual performance that discipleship and an active life in the world are in no way incompatible, seeing that the performance of duty in the right spirit and with the right intention lies at the foundation of the religious life."

"In that as in so many other ways," commented the Historian, "Mr. Griscom's life was a lesson which all who run may read. It is true that, throughout his life, his closest association was inspiring and helpful to an extraordinary degree; but that he so thankfully accepted the help thus given him, increases and in no way detracts from the merit of his achievement."

And then the Gael: "He never swerved. His fidelity was perhaps the most remarkable trait in his character. He was the soul of loyalty. He was loyal to his friends, loyal to his cause, loyal to his duties and responsibilities, loyal to his Master, loyal to his life's aim. Throughout his life, he never faltered or turned back. And because of his unswerving loyalty, he was literally the rock on which, after Mr. Judge's death, the Theosophical movement rested. In the nature of things, others con-

tributed necessary elements, without which Mr. Griscom's contribution would perhaps have been useless. He knew where he got his light, and he followed that. Even the Master could not have built with one kind of material only. But the fact remains that the success of the movement depended upon C. A. Griscom's loyalty, and that he never once failed to give it."

There was a pause as we thought about him. But instinctively we realized that the more we thought, the more difficult it would be to speak. So the Philosopher started afresh.

"One other invaluable quality which he could always be depended upon to contribute, can, I think, best be expressed negatively: he never lost his head. He was able at all times to see the teapot around the tempest; to discount perturbations and excitements, hasty conclusions and exaggerations. Most people who seem to possess this quality are merely unimaginative and dull. Mr. Griscom had a lively imagination and an intensely active mind. It was probably because long practice had taught him how to look at things in the light of eternity, and because he knew that eternity is more real than time, that he possessed a poise which was of incalculable value to his associates and to the movement. In any case it was a great gift."

"Well," said the Historian, "in that as in all other directions, those who are left should see to it that even though unable to give what he gave, they must never again create the need which he so often met. If they cannot contribute his poise, they can at least suppress their own panics."

"I wonder," said the Youth, "if all our own members, much though they may talk of Karma and Reincarnation, and of life as but a school for character, really give much thought to what makes men what they are. They will read of Mr. Griscom's death and life, and even from the little that cold print can convey to those who did not know him, they must realize something of his bigness, something of his greatness of heart and soul, and of the depth and intensity of the love that he inspired. Will they ask themselves at all what made him what he was?

"Here is the QUARTERLY. Some of us think it is, on the whole, the best magazine in existence today. But no one of us thinks that it has just 'happened' that way. We know what made and makes it what it is. We look back of it to Mr. Griscom's own spirit, and to the spirit of all the rest of you people, and to the ceaseless labour that he gave to make that spirit live on every page. We know what makes the character of the QUARTERLY. Do we know or think of what made the character of its editor? I wish that some of you, who can write, would write of that—just to encourage the rest of us."

"What would you yourself say?" asked the Philosopher.

"I suppose I would say,—the Master," the Youth answered. "But it is just the inadequacy of that answer that I hoped you would supplement. It suggests that it was done all at once—a finished fact, a creation like

that of the sun and moon and stars, a great mountain of a man towering up from before the dawn of history."

"The simile is not without truth," said the Philosopher.

"Yes," went on the Youth, "one as big as he, must have been big for ages. But even so, there must have been a time when he was small, like me. And in this life he must have had to grow up and into himself. A big man must have had big difficulties. What led him through them? What made him what he was?"

The Philosopher looked at him. "What is making you grow into yourself," he asked, "helping you to find and recognize your true self, and what is making that self ceaselessly bigger and finer?"

"Why Theosophy, of course," the Youth answered. And, after a pause: "Of course it must have been the same with him. He was always giving of himself, and so must always have been receiving from the Self. But will there not be other people just as stupid as I was, who will never think that perhaps the very truest service Mr. Griscom rendered the movement was to show, in his own person, what Theosophy does for those who give themselves to it? Is it not a point worth making? I know I should not be flattered or pleased if somebody, years from now, were to praise my 'sweet temper,' as though it had just 'happened' to be mine, or had been given me ready made, and not worked for, against every natural instinct I possess, because Theosophy has shown me why I ought to work for it, and inspires me to continue the effort."

"What did he say about the Armistice?" interjected the Visitor at this point. "I know how intensely interested he was in the war and in world politics."

"The Armistice was a bitter disappointment to him," replied the Historian. "I would rather not attempt to quote him. It does not seem fair to do that, once a man can no longer be referred to for explanation or denial. But I know that he and his immediate associates felt alike about it. For nearly four years, they have said, Theosophy was made objective for us. The fight of ages was being carried on before our eyes. The forces of evil had been forced into the open. If the forces of righteousness, if the Masters of Wisdom, had been represented worthily on this plane, there would have been no Armistice, because there would have been no compromise. The Armistice, which brought the spirit of compromise into the forefront of the stage, threw Theosophy back into subjectivity. Mr. Griscom felt no more concerned with the various compromises of those men in Paris than he had been, in times past, with the outcome of most political elections. Unless a struggle be based on principle; unless principle be recognized as paramount over a short-sighted expediency,—how can any student of Theosophy be interested in the outcome?"

"Do you mean to suggest," asked the Objector, "that the Armistice was a German victory?"

"Certainly," replied the Historian. "Germany escaped, or in any case postponed her punishment. By so doing she also postponed her

salvation, much to her own delight, but to the demerit of those who ought to have completed the task set them. Instead of forcing unconditional surrender, as the police would do with a murderer, the Allies, led by America, parleyed and compromised. They were weak when there was most need for strength."

"Then the war accomplished nothing?" continued the Objector.

"By no means. The war accomplished a great deal. Many, and perhaps most of the men who took part in it, gained enormously. But they gained as individuals. As between nations, the war decided nothing. It will have to be fought all over again. And next time, let us hope, there will be men in charge who share enough of the spirit of the Lodge to know that compromise is of the devil. Next time, Germany must be destroyed. The great army of those who have died in this war will have earned the right to take their place in the next; and they can be depended on to carry it through to a finish. They have made themselves the Master's men."

"But the League of Nations is to do away with war," murmured the Gael, looking skywards.

"So I have read," the Historian answered sardonically. "So I have read. But pious wishes do not make facts, even assuming that the wishes are wholly pious, which in this case would be a large assumption. If the Allies had crushed and had occupied Germany, using all her resources in men and material to indemnify the peoples she has robbed; if they had formed an offensive and defensive alliance among themselves for the preservation of the world's peace,—the world might have stayed at peace for many generations. But that, as a simple and clear-cut solution, would have been fatal to the interests of the Black Lodge, of the powers of evil. What they want, always, is confusion. The League of Nations, born out of time, served their purpose admirably. Talk about confusion! It makes friends look like enemies and enemies look like friends. It brings discord where there was harmony. It conceals real issues and creates others which are entirely imaginary. It is condemned on wrong grounds and is praised on wrong grounds. Mr. Griscom was so disgusted that he almost ceased to read the newspapers."

"It was more than disgust that he felt," interrupted the Student. "It was real grief and pain. He was heart-sick about it. Human weakness and blindness had made it possible for the Black Lodge to triumph, and he knew it. He knew also, of course, that the Masters of Wisdom always wring victory out of defeat, using the success of their enemies as means to divine ends. But this is poor comfort to those for whom 'the passage of Time is as the stroke of a sledge-hammer,' and who deplore every least postponement of final victory."

"It certainly suggests that there is plenty more to be done," the Gael remarked; "and we should not complain on that score. The more there is to do, and the greater the need, the greater also is our opportunity. A Catholic would say—'the greater our opportunity to atone for past sins

and wasted days.' And there would be truth in that. But we ought to be able to add,—'the greater our opportunity to serve and to love and to suffer, and so draw closer to Masters and the Lodge.'"

"What did you mean when you said that the Armistice threw Theosophy back into subjectivity?" asked the Objector, turning to the Historian.

"It was not my own statement. I was quoting," he answered. "But to my mind it means among other things that the struggle, the actual warfare, between the forces of good and evil, which had been precipitated into our visible world as the greatest of all wars, so that every one had a chance to see and to understand and to take sides, is now thrown back into what is for us the invisible world, of which the average man knows nothing, and where, in terms of his consciousness, the issues are no longer clearly defined. In other words, while much has been gained, those who work for Theosophy must now recognize that humanity has not as yet grasped the meaning of principle, and has proved itself unable to distinguish between the real and the unreal, between a fundamental issue and a fiction. A red herring was drawn across the trail when the world was told that it had to be made 'safe for democracy.' The world followed the red herring. And the world must be educated to the point of being able to recognize a red herring when it sees one. Otherwise it will be misled again, and again the powers of evil will escape us. Consequently, those who work for Theosophy must now, in one sense, begin all over again, by reverting to the fundamental principles or laws of life, expounding and explaining these, and hammering at the fancies and fictions which still bewilder the majority of mankind."

"If only," commented the Philosopher, "if only the leaders of this nation had had vision enough to see and to tell the truth! If only they had had it in them to come out with the simplicity and frankness so characteristic of Mr. Griscom, who, in their place, would, I believe, have said: 'This war has nothing to do with forms of government. Relatively speaking, they are of no consequence. This war is going to decide whether the world is to be controlled by devils or by white men. It is a fight between good and evil. Therefore this nation, for which I speak, will at once throw its whole weight on the side of good, against evil, and will not stop until every individual, now fighting for evil, or supporting those fighting for it, is chained up, or is in any case individually under the control of those who fight for righteousness.' If that could have been said and done, the world today would have been saved. That it was not said or done by the authorized representatives of this country, simply means that the people of the United States have not earned that sort of leadership, and that the world as a whole has not evolved to a point at which it can intelligently resist misdirection. England and France and Italy, hard pressed, put their trust in the wealth and power of America, instead of in God. And God knows they are paying and will pay bitterly for their mistake."

"True," said the Gael. "But it is useless to cry over spilled milk. For us it is a case of, Be up and doing! We must try harder than ever to make ready the way of the Lord. We must prepare for the future. We must prepare ourselves. We must do our utmost to prepare the world. Griscom himself can do more where he is than where he was. Otherwise I do not believe he would have been taken from us. But while he, in that world, can now do much that he could not do on earth, it is also true that we on earth must now do things which he can no longer do. . . . Sick with grief, some of us. I know it. But is there work to be done? Then do it! Christ still hangs on the cross. Let it be. Onward for evermore."

And the Gael turned away, so that we could not see his face.

T.

Life is a sleep till death awaken it
And man between them but a walking thought,
Life is a pledge of friendship from our Maker:
Give me the Friend and take the pledge who will.

—AKHLAQ-I-JALALI.

Love is a flame; once set it well alight,
All but the Beloved vanishes from sight.

—JALALUDDIN RUMI.

Love's religion comprehends each creed and sect,
Love flies straight to God and outsoars intellect;
If the gem be real, what matters the device?
Love in seas of sorrow finds the pearl of price.

—JALALUDDIN RUMI.

REVIEWS

The Glory of the Trenches, by Conyngsby Dawson, author of *Carry On,* published by John Lane Company, New York, at $1.00, is a most inspiring and moving interpretation of life at the Front. More than that, it is instructive. Dawson's experience has taught him the truth of some of the fundamental principles of Theosophy. Instead of attempting to paraphrase his own words, it will be best to give a few extracts which will be sufficient to suggest the value of his contribution to the literature of the war.

As an unusually intelligent civilian, his first experience of the Army resulted in many discoveries, for instance: "Military discipline is based on unselfishness." As his experience widened, this early impression deepened. "Often at the Front I have thought of Christ's explanation of his own unassailable peace—an explanation given to his disciples at the Last Supper, immediately before the walk to Gethsemane: 'Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' Overcoming the world, as I understand it, is overcoming self. Fear, in its final analysis, is nothing but selfishness. A man who is afraid in an attack, isn't thinking of his pals and how quickly terror spreads; he isn't thinking of the glory which will accrue to his regiment or division if the attack is a success; he isn't thinking of what he can do to contribute to that success; he isn't thinking of the splendour of forcing his spirit to triumph over weariness and nerves and the abominations that the Huns are chucking at him. He's thinking merely of how he can save his worthless skin and conduct his entirely unimportant body to a place where there aren't any shells."

"When a man plays the game, he does things which it requires a braver man than himself to accomplish; he never knows when he's done; he acknowledges no limit to his cheerfulness and strength; whatever his rank, he holds his life less valuable than that of the humblest; he laughs at danger not because he does not dread it, but because he has learnt that there are ailments more terrible and less curable than death."

"When you have subjected yourself to discipline, you cease to think of yourself; *you* are not *you,* but a part of a company of men. If you don't do your duty, you throw the whole machine out. You soon learn the hard lesson that every man's life and every man's service belong to other people."

These extracts, however, do not give a fair idea of the book as a whole, because they merely give the result of the author's experience, and that experience consists, in large measure, of incidents which he describes and which constitute the most interesting feature of his book. Such stories as he relates on pages 115 and 120, 121, are indeed convincing evidence of the glory of the trenches. T.

The Life of John William Walshe is a most delightful religious novel, or work of the imagination. It is interesting throughout; it is very well written; the characters almost without exception are clearly delineated in a few phrases, and are true to life; and the book has a sustained level of refinement, a scholarly standard, which is perhaps its greatest attraction. There must already be many people who owe the author, Mr. Montgomery Carmichael, a rare debt of thanks, and the

reviewer feels called upon both to include himself amongst them, and to bid others share his pleasure with him.

John Walshe, who alas never lived, was the son of a hard-headed Manchester merchant,—who, by the way, is presented with masterly strokes. After a bitterly hard youth at home, at school, and as apprentice to his father's business, John follows his own instinct or intuition,—or, as the author suggests, the Master's calling—and runs away to Italy. Those first years of effort, the first stirrings of his soul within him, which lead him to a Methodist revival, to munch sandwiches in a Catholic church during the lunch-hour, and to occasional intense outbursts of prayer, end with his chance (?) meeting at Leghorn with Lord Frederick Markham, a devout Catholic, wealthy, possessed of a fine library, and himself a scholar of the old type. Lord Markham adopts and educates Walshe; and in a few years becomes his father-in-law.

After Walshe's marriage, there is practically no incident in the book. It is a record of the inner life, of the growth and fruition, of a saintly soul. Of course he becomes a Catholic; but what is usually made a means of controversy and more or less tactless argument, is here clothed in the simplest and most unaffected narrative. There is a chapter of quotation from the brilliant Maistre (for which the supposed editor of the memoir, i. e. the author Mr. Carmichael, apologizes!), but in its setting no one could be offended, because Walshe so obviously should have become a Catholic, and followed the Light in so doing.

The book, if barely analyzed, resolves itself into praise of modern church Latin (which surely does not need praise), into a plea for a more wide-spread study of logic, especially by men of science (which is pre-eminently right), and into a brief description of the real meaning of "acts" of praise, worship, adoration—in fact, the basis of all religious life, inner and outer.

But such an analysis in no way describes the real and permanent charm pervading the whole volume. No such elevation characterizes even *John Inglesant*, its superior in power and vivid action, nor in Michael Fairless' charming and uplifting story, nor yet in Michael Wood's three singularly enchanting and penetrating pictures of the life of prayer, not—in other words—in any other religious story of its class known to us is there so much of the very atmosphere of saintliness—with its inevitable concomitants of purity, refinement and culture. The prominent characters are all delightful, one wants to meet every one of them. The least important person in the book is seen with mellow eyes, with the "gentle heart" of Guinicelli. No biography of a real saint has made religious practices and a holy life more human and more *attractive*. That is the key-note of the book. John Walshe dies in 1900; he is a modern man, in a modern setting; yet withal he is truly religious, a lovable man, indeed all the more so because he is a saint.

The picture of Lord Markham's high-bred English home, in that rich Italian setting, with its refinement, its tact, its scholarly tastes—is like a refreshing bath in this day of cheap and bourgeois novels. How Walshe's hitherto cramped soul expands in that congenial atmosphere. When he discovers heraldry—what joy almost to excess! We do not ordinarily spend leisure in heraldic intricacies, but Walshe's enthusiasm is contagious. Heraldry must have some virtue, if Walshe loved it.

There are many bits of wisdom tucked away in corners of nearly every chapter. "Praise, he suddenly divined, was an act—an inward act, independent of all words. and yet clothed in words in the nature of things" (p. 75). "The diurnal recital of the Canonical Hours was to him an exercise in contemplation; at the back (so to speak) of each verse of a psalm, of every versicle and responsory, of all the antiphons, was his own parallel meditation or concept, more vivid and varying some days than others, but always a sweet exercise of Divine Praise, a loving flight of the imagination into the Realms of the Divine Being, a further step in the sublime science of Divine Perfection" (p. 181). "There is perhaps no trait of piety

more touching and beautiful than the foregoing of mortification for humility's sake" (p. 185).

The last chapters on John Walshe's inner experiences of prayer, his raptures, and finally his death are lightly sketched and beautifully done. The reader who is at all in sympathy with such a subject can only regret that there is not far greater detail and elaboration. Throughout there is the most faithful reflection of spiritual realities, and no recollection, while reading, that John Walshe never lived and experienced the things narrated.

The Solitaries of the Sambucca, a later book than the *Walshe,* is an attempt to explain, and to set forth the beauties, not merely of the life of saintliness in the world, but of contemplation in solitude. The richness of solitude; its peace, its fruitfulness, its power to reach, influence, and uplift other men; is all set forth by means of the story. Perhaps for the sake of contrast, but certainly with less skill and literary workmanship, the plot is bizarre, unlikely, and needlessly extravagant. There are incidents which mar it. Attempted murder, robbery, and jail-sentences do not make it more acceptable to the average lay novel-reader, and, at the least, tease the more religiously inclined, who wish to be enjoying what is Mr. Carmichael's real contribution—his unusual gift for displaying the attraction and beauty of the inner life, in one and all of its expressions. Mr. Casauban's Psalm, for instance, is a contribution to forms of worship suitable for almost any man in some moods. We look forward because of this with all the greater keenness to "The Little Office for Solitaries," which we understand this gifted author is intending to publish. Both of these books are published by Burns and Oates, London.

A. G.

Memoir of Father Dignam, published by Burns and Oates, London. This is very, very Roman. But those who are willing and able to separate the wheat from the chaff, will be well rewarded. What, for instance, could be wiser advice than this, addressed "to a married lady, living in the great world in which she was obliged, much against her will, to mix"?—"You must find an opportunity of reading Montalembert's *St. Elizabeth.* She managed to live a highly spiritual life under greater difficulties than someone I know. I quite appreciate your wish, you know, my child, but still, whenever it grows a little bit too strong, you must set to work vigorously to cultivate a devotion to God's will, recalling that with Him there is no necessary connection between the sowing and the seed, and to conquer ourselves in *not* making a retreat is, at least, as good as making one without it. How truly I wish you every best blessing. I am so anxious that you should never lose sight of first principles, that your devotion should be to God's will pure and simple; that prayers, and Communions and church-goings, are but creatures, are but means to an end, just as much as wine or money, and that some people are more in danger of inordinate affections to the former than the latter. On the sofa, then, just as well as at church, or 'in the kitchen,' or with the little ones—*Sume et Suscipe.* Mind, if you do but once make this thought your own, your peace will be very, very safe. God will always get what He wants from you. Turn your particular examen on to this in some practical way."

"You, too, I see plainly enough, are laboring in rowing, for the wind is 'contrary.' I startled a holy old nun the other day, who is constantly thwarted in very important work by her bad health, by suggesting for the matter of her particular examen, to abolish resignation. It is a step in the spiritual life which I think I learned from ——, and I cannot help thinking that the same physic will do you good. It attacks the dull heaviness you speak of in your past letter in a surprising manner. I call it joy in God's will."

T.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 227.—*Will you please restate what is said in the January* QUARTERLY, *page 212, about the concluding chapters of the "Idyll of the White Lotus" and the work of the "candidate for discipleship" who wrote down the early chapters?*

ANSWER.—The idea is simply this: that the "candidate for discipleship" was unable to write the description of the great initiation, perhaps because of lack of experience. That involved no reflection upon the standing or effort of this student, who did fine work, including *Light on the Path,* for four or five years after the *Idyll of the White Lotus* was written down, but later strayed into the byways of psychism. P. H.

QUESTION No. 228.—*What can be said of conversion and forgiveness in the light of Karma? Take for instance Mary Magdalene and Saint Augustine. To what extent would their bad karma be wiped out by their repentance and forgiveness?*

ANSWER.—Is it not a question whether "bad Karma" can ever be "wiped out"? But surely by repentance and conforming to universal and spiritual laws, the operation of "bad Karma" may be suspended and the force alchemized or transmuted. Then when the force and energy is transmuted, bad Karma is wiped out because we have brought forth fruits meet for repentance, and the Master can say to me "thy sins be forgiven thee." A. K.

ANSWER.—It has been said that the Saints love to suffer for in this way they share our Lord's suffering. Is this not another way of saying that they wish to join with Him in holding back the Karma of race and nation by assuming it with Him? After His death, men could not fasten even wine-bibbing and Sabbath-breaking on Him, so they maligned those most dear to Him, as well as persecuting their bodies. What do we know of St. Augustine's past lives? How do we know whether he had so builded up good Karma, by purity of life and purity of intention, that he was permitted to incarnate in an evil age in an evil body—conquer the latter and once more show to sinners that the Way of Liberation lies in complete dedication of one's self, one's body, mind and soul, to the Master? Is it not possible that he had earned conversion and repentance. Perhaps this explains why the Germans remain unconverted and unrepentant? S.

QUESTION No. 229.—*Is there any such thing as bad karma? Is not the blindness that results from sin bad karma?*

ANSWER.—The Oriental phrase is: "Karma of merit, Karma of demerit." "Bad" Karma is simply a rough translation of the latter. It should be remembered that "Karma" simply means "action," "doing," "the thing done." C. J.

ANSWER.—Is not "bad Karma" the reminder by Universal Law that we are in error? In this case bad Karma would be our opportunity: and such conditions

as blindness resulting from sin would or should open our eyes to our errors. But man's natural arrogance may, *in his ignorance,* make him resent the punishment of his sin in place of taking it as a lesson and an opportuity of learning where he has been wrong. A. K.

ANSWER.—From which vantage ground is this question asked? Good Karma for the body might be bad Karma for the Soul. If I failed my leader would I not welcome a Karma that would find me the victim of betrayal, that I might have burned into the very depths of my soul the shame of disloyalty? Yet to the worldly-minded such an incarnation might seem as the working out of bad Karma—as it would be, though not in the sense they mean. How would it do to say that bad Karma is not having earned the right to discharge one's own indebtedness but to have to remain a spiritual pauper? Good Karma then would mean being privileged "to die, to suffer, and to live"—to follow St. Teresa's formulary.

S.

ANSWER.—The blindness that inevitably follows and results from sin, is its worst penalty and from one point of view is the worst possible Karma. From another point of view, however, it is "good" Karma, an instance of the infinite compassion of the law. For there is really only one sin,—to see the higher and to choose the lower. Each such act weakens the will and dims the vision. Mercifully so, for our responsibility is in proportion to our vision, and the law will not let us continue knowingly to sin against the light. If our vision be in advance of the strength of our will to do right, the law in its mercy diminishes our power of vision until by right action we have again strengthened our wills. The same right action that adds strength to the will, adds correspondingly to the vision.

J. G.

QUESTION No. 230.—*I understand from the "Voice of the Silence" that detachment from the thraldom of desire frees one from the dominion of the law of Karma. Is such freedom to be sought as a goal? Would not Christ Himself will to live under the law of Karma?*

ANSWER.—In the Oriental Scriptures, Karma is used in two senses: (1) As a synonym of Universal Law (*Upanishad* and *Secret Doctrine*); (2) bondage to the lower self (*Bhagavad Gita* and *Light on the Path*). Freedom from universal law, being an impossibility, no Master would seek it. Freedom from bondage to the lower self, every seeker for discipleship must strive after. In winning it, he becomes a disciple. C. J.

ANSWER.—If we regard Karma as "action"—the action of the Oversoul in manifestation—the puzzle clears up. The "Law of Karma" then becomes the Law of the Universe governing the departures of the individual from Universal Law. And as the whole is greater and stronger than the part, the individual has to conform to the universal and "suffers" in the process. Human beings are given the opportunity of freedom of action in order that they may learn to conform to the Universal Law.

The "thraldom of desire" would seem to be due to the habit of action according to the influence of personal or psychic desires as applied to the freedom of action of the Soul. Hence such freedom from "thraldom" has to be sought as a means to reach the goal. But surely not as an end in itself. Otherwise abstention from action, would be desirable; and the parable of the talents is applicable,—in the case of the man who hid his talent in the ground and would not use it. Action in conformity with Universal Law is the right action for the individual; and thus may we "do our whole duty on our journey to the sacred seat."

Christ would will to live under the law of Karma because He can do no less. Being united to His Father, and thus to the Oversoul, He is Himself Karma in action, and like other Masters, as individuals, the agent of the Law. A. K.

ANSWER.—Is not this the same point, brought out so early in *The Screen of Time* on "The Conduct of the War," that, while one should forgive one's personal enemies, one should hate the enemies of Christ, our King? Would not detachment from the thraldom of desire mean a casting off of the shackles of self and a resultant union with the Divine? To use Pauline terms would not one thus "die daily with Christ"? Having discarded all personal desires, how could there be a personal Karma? But would not such a recognized disciple wish to do as his Master does—take upon Himself the Karma of others,—especially of one's own people or nation? For whom and for what did The Maid die at Rouen?

S.

QUESTION No. 231.—*What relation to, or effect on, the Karma of the sinner had the miracles of the Master of Galilee?*

ANSWER.—It would seem that the inspiring presence of the Master of Galilee enabled the sinner to win freedom from the lower self: freedom from "Karma" in the second sense: and that the cure wrought simply registered the exhaustion of that element of Karma. C. J.

ANSWER.—What effect have they had on you and on me? Have they made us see the Master as He is—loving us, striving to help us, trying to awaken us to the possibilities of the divine powers within us? Or have they left us dormant, slothful, asleep, as "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by"? If we see Him as the "very God of very God" that He is, then great is our responsibility, and let us pray that the Compassionate Ones may send us a Karma that will work out and work off our sin and disloyalty. G. W.

ANSWER.—The miracles of the Master of Galilee must necessarily have been within the sphere of the operation of Karma and "the law of Karma." One of the prime conditions was the power of faith which enabled the Master to set in operation supernormal forces which effected the miracles. Therefore, surely, the Karmic conditions which operated for the individual were exhausted, and the physical state of the individual would be relieved: or by the operation of faith the individuals were lifted into a state in which supernormal laws could operate for their relief: or,—within the Law of Karma—the Master was able to take up the Karmic burdens of the individuals. In any case the individuals were given the opportunity of rising to their responsibilities and conforming their lives to Universal Law, for they were told to "go and sin no more." A. K.

ANSWER.—How will it do to try to go back to the time of the miracles and see what might have happened? Take one of the younger followers—one not intimate with the Master but with His disciples,—say Mark. Was he not thrilled and awed by the miracles but did they really wake him up? At Gethsemane did he not turn, appalled and fear-filled—when Our Lord refused to use a miracle to call down the legions of angels at His command,—and flee in disgraceful panic? And when Mark, crouching behind a bush, watched the dying Man on Calvary, did he realize that his failure to use the miracles was adding to the agonies of the Crucifixion? Must we not believe that part of the price the Master pays for us is His assuming the responsibility for our rejection of "evidence", including both the miracles and our own consciousness? May we not suppose that later Mark knew this and that part of his own agony in repentance sprang from his refusal of the miracles? If his repentance could abide, then he might be permitted to have the miracles affect his personal Karma, but otherwise would not the Master still have to bear the Karma for Mark—and for all who reject what He has dared to offer for our redemption? G. M. McC.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

NOTICE OF CONVENTION

To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 21 Macdougal Alley, New York, on Saturday, April 26, 1919, beginning at 10.30 a. m.

2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are *earnestly requested* to send proxies. These may be made out to the Assistant Secretary, Miss Isabel E. Perkins, 349 West 14th Street, New York, or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.

3. Branch Secretaries are asked to send their annual reports to the Secretary T. S., Mrs. Ada Gregg, 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, New York. These reports should cover the significant features of the year's work and should be accompanied by a complete list of officers and members with the full name and address of each; also a statement of the number of members gained or lost during the year; also a record of the place and time of Branch meeting. These reports should reach the Secretary T. S. before April 1st.

4. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.

5. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10.30 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. At 8.30 p, m. there will be a regular meeting of the New York Branch of the T. S., to which delegates and visitors are cordially invited. On Sunday, April 27th, at 3.30 p. m., there will be a public address at 10 Fifth Avenue, open to all who are interested in Theosophy.

ADA GREGG,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
February 1, 1919.

NEW YORK BRANCH

The meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held at 21 Macdougal Alley, New York, on alternate Saturday evenings, beginning at 8.30. The meetings in April are April 12th and 26th. All who are interested in Theosophy are invited to attend these meetings.

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